JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXIII, 1911

3D EVERY THURSDAY

ONE PLAN NOW—AND AFTER
By The Editor

SPIES WITH HEAD PHONES

BEST PRAISE FOR RUSSIA IS ACTION!
By A. G. G.

Demonstration of New Wartime Washing Method

by Mrs. COLLINS,
48 Laleham Road,
Catford, S.E.6.

"I GAVE up boiling clothes years ago, when I first used Rinso. The Rinso wartime method, using less water, is simply grand as a fuel and soap saver, and it does get the clothes clean. These four pictures tell you all about it."

1
HALF THE USUAL AMOUNT OF WATER—IT SHOULD BE HOT BUT NOT BOILING
2
TWO-THIRDS THE USUAL AMOUNT OF RINSO—WHISK TO A LATHER
3
WHITES IN FIRST. SUDS SHOULD COVER CLOTHES WHEN WELL PRESSED DOWN
4
SOAK FOR 12 MINUTES, THEN WASH THROUGH AND RINSE. NO BOILING! DO SAME WITH COLOUREDS

MADAM! If you're still boiling your clothes every Monday, will you listen to this? *Boiling is completely unnecessary to get clothes clean and household linens white.* And in wartime, when fuel *must* be used as sparingly as possible, it's really needless waste of coal or gas. So, why not clip out the Rinso wartime method shown here and use it next washday? You'll find it saves fuel, soap coupons, time and labour.

• • •

Rinso is a No. 1 soap powder. 3½d. packet—one coupon. 7d. packet—two coupons.

R3164-414-55 *R. S. Hudson Limited*

A small milk ration goes a long way when you use it with Bournville Cocoa. It's more than a delicious drink. It's full of the things that build brawn and muscle, strengthen teeth, enrich the blood and steady frayed nerves. And it actually costs less than before the war!

LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

FIVEPENCE A QUARTER

It's a pleasure to economise with **MARMITE**

— IT'S SO CONCENTRATED!

diphtheria is DEADLY

Diphtheria is highly infectious and is caused by germs entering the nose and throat from the breath of others. Every year there are 60,000 cases of diphtheria, with 3,000 deaths mostly among children under five.

Immunisation protects against diphtheria. It consists of two, or at the most three, simple injections that strengthen the body's natural defences against diphtheria. It is very rare indeed for a child who has had a full course of injections to develop fatal diphtheria.

The younger a child is Immunised the better; immediately after the first birthday is best. But all children, from one to fifteen should be Immunised. Immunisation is FREE—ask now at your local Council's offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH D.16

THIS is the Food Fact we must NEVER forget!

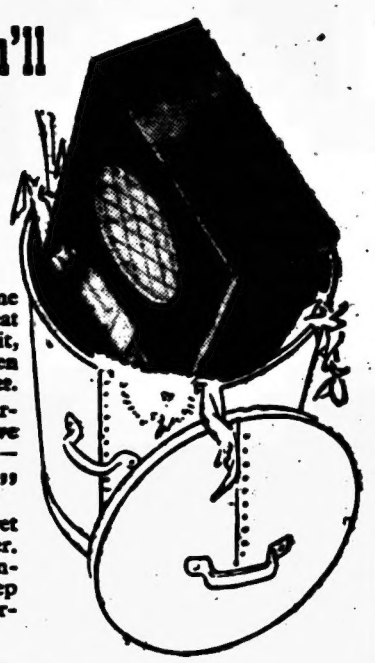
Your bread costs ships. Eat home-grown potatoes instead!

FOOD FACTS No. 132. ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1

STOP . . . LOOK . . .

and maybe you'll

LISTEN



Too many radio sets have gone dumb, and there's not a great deal anyone can do about it, at least until the fighting men have had *their* radio needs met. We must try to look after ourselves more—that is why we have produced the little book—

"KEEP IT GOING"

to help you to keep your set (whatever the make) in order. It won't make a wireless engineer of you but it may keep a set going that would otherwise be silent.

Price 6d. from all

MURPHY DEALERS

If your Murphy Dealer has closed or you are unable to locate him, please write direct to Publications Dept., Murphy Radio, Ltd., Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

C.R.C.108

Give your teeth a shine with **Gibbs** DENTIFRICE

IN HANDY *battleaxe* REFILLS

7d

LARGE SIZE REFILL 11½d (Including Purchase Tax)

SAVE METAL

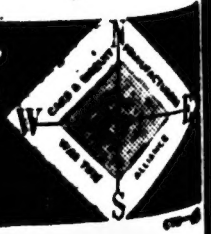
B. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON E.C.4 GD 235A

BISCUITS & CHEESE

Some people like a lot of cheese, others eat it more moderately but one and all, we are urged to eat our full ration. Biscuits make cheese more attractive. Eat biscuits and cheese for lunch, dinner or supper—they're both excellent foods, and fortify you against hard weather and the cold austerity of fuel economy.

Biscuits and cheese need no butter and make the ideal "packed" meal—they're the best points value on the market.

BISCUITS for vigour



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, January 30, 1943,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true."

MEAN MINDS

● **Never in history have so many British mothers "gone out to work." Hundreds of thousands more will enter the factories this year.**

During their absence at the bench their children must be cared for. That is why JOHN BULL has urged the extension of the day nursery scheme.

The delay has not been entirely the fault of the Government. Local authorities have been slow to move. Mean-minded bigwigs have even tried to sabotage those centres already opened.

In Devon, for example, a village hall has been converted into a day nursery. It cares for the under-fives whose mothers are on war work, and provides hot meals for schoolchildren whose mothers are similarly busy.

Now, some people are asking the Devon Education Committee for the return of the hall. Whist drives and folk dancing are apparently considered more important to the villagers than the welfare of the babies!

JOHN BULL urges war-working mothers to press local authorities not only to keep the centres now in existence, but, like Oliver Twist, to ask for more.

traight from the Shoulder

HIT HARD, HIT NOW

E have got to get both feet into this war.

One foot has been set squarely in Africa. The her must be planted firmly in urope.

It is a gigantic step for which we ve been long preparing. And it ould not be delayed.

For the time to strike is when the emy is still gasping and reeling nder the blows of the Soviet mmer and the sweeps of the Soviet ckle.

hat They Expected

The Russian offensive, vast and perstent, is all the more sensational beuse it owes little to Anglo-American rategy.

Stalin expected that by now we should drawing off forty to seventy Nazi divions from the Eastern Front.

oing Ahead

We are not doing so. Our protracted mpaign in North Africa has had othing like that effect.

Despite this hard disappointment, alin has not hesitated to strike—and inflict on the Germans their worst feat since 1918.

lly Engaged

What a magnificent example for us to llow! What an opportunity that ckons to us!

The enemy garrisons in Europe are nsiderable. But the bulk of the emy forces are still struggling in talin's grip 2,000 miles away.

Here is our chance to hit hard—and it quickly.

all for Ships

The blow must be a major effort. It ill exact every ounce of our strength, very strand of our resolution.

During the first three months of the Western Mediterranean operations we ave used nearly 1,000 ships. Their oyages back and forth account for more han 7,000,000 tons of shipping.

We shall need far more to open a econd Front in Europe—and perhaps a Third too.

U-Boat Peril

Yet ships are being sunk almost as fast as we can build them. U-boats are being built twice as fast as we can sink them.

This grave situation will not be remedied by the warning speeches of Ministers.

Anything Doing!

We would prefer them to act instead of speak. That, after all, is why they have been put into high office.

But there is no sign of any new counter-measures against the U-boat. Unless our Ministers produce them, the Second Front will make impossible demands on our shipping.

Heavy Cost

We shall need all the aircraft, tanks and guns we can produce. We must steel ourselves to suffer heavy casualties and endure grim privations.

So let there be no facile optimism and no boasting. Neither men nor materials dare be wasted. Everything we have should be directed into a titanic drive towards the enemy's strongholds.

Preparing

Great preparations are being made. It is cheering to read that the Government is now ready to swing over war factories from the production of defensive weapons to those of the offensive.

It is not so cheering to be warned that this may cause some temporary "dislocation."

Need to Plan

Plans for the change-over should be so detailed that dislocation will be negligible.

No workers should be "stood off" before other work is available. None should be transferred to towns far from their homes when considerate organisation could provide work close to their hands.

Double Duties

Particularly does this apply to the millions of women in industry.

Officialdom must remember that most of them have twofold duties—to work in the factory, the warehouse or the Civil Defence post, and to maintain their homes for husband and family.

Three-Fold Task

And the great assault on Hitler's Europe will need careful preparation not only in the military and industrial fields, but in the muddy maze of diplomacy.

Far-reaching plans are being drawn for an end of the North African difficulties. They may indeed bring calm to other troubled areas.

On Guard

We shall watch their operation carefully. We shall hope that they mean the closing of a deplorable and muddled chapter in recent diplomatic history.

The truth is that, though some of its bizarre events may have been dictated by military expediency, there are higher considerations even in war.

Standing Aghast

In future, our actions "on the spot" must be judged by their effect on the world.

Not only our friends in Russia and the ordinary people of Britain and the U.S.A. have been aghast.

The enslaved peoples cannot be expected to have confidence in our aims while we embrace the men who have persecuted them.

In the Balkans

Moreover, there is still confusion, doubt and jealousy in Yugoslavia.

The political situation there goes from bad to worse. For many reasons, we cannot afford our friends in the Balkans to be divided among themselves.

If they cannot compose their differences themselves, the United Nations must offer a solution.

United in Counsel

Therefore, a United War Council is urgently and belatedly necessary.

A council to co-ordinate military strategy. To decide political questions of the war. To prepare that broad framework of agreement on which the structure of an abiding peace must be built.

Now in Progress

Our statesmen and some of our most distinguished and independent economists are working hard on plans for postwar prosperity and justice.

Americans, too, are thinking ahead. So, no doubt, are the leaders of China and the U.S.S.R.

But to plan the future of Britain and the U.S.A., of Western Europe or the Western Pacific, is to do no more than design marine engines before the ship's keel is laid.

Master Key

There must be a master plan for the whole world.

That will be the key to the future of every land. Without it, no national plan will be workable.

No peace will be abiding unless *all* lands are guaranteed security. No prosperity can be attained unless *all* countries are made proof against poverty.

Self-sufficiency has become as impossible as isolationism.

It Can be Done

Is it too early to think of the peace?

On the contrary. To postpone it until the war is won would be too late.

For we are not only fighting Fascism. We are fighting the Want and Fear that bred Fascism. They must be defeated at the same time as we shatter the Axis into fragments.

How to Do It

Here, too, a shining opportunity beckons.

Agreement between the mighty and diverse United Nations would cover the greater part of the world. A development of Lease-Lend could harness the world's resources for the good of all nations.

Living in Harmony

The King of Greece aims at a system of mutual give-and-take even in that cradle of war, the Balkans.

He reminds us that England and Scotland share the same roads, the same railways, and are content to live in the same political climate.

It is no longer Utopian to strive for a similar agreement between the troubled and once-independent countries of Europe.

Pooling Ideas

Hence the call for a strategy of peace. Hence the need for the United Nations to pool their plans as well as their weapons, not only to win the war, but to make the war worth our sacrifices.

Let our Government make no mistake about this need. It is recognised by the great mass of the British public.

The Government will be judged by its actions in the coming months more critically than ever before.

On Trial

Our Ministers, in other words, are on trial.

They will be acquitted to the acclamation of us all if they fulfil three obligations:

To bring our full military power against the enemy with the utmost speed. To organise our Home Front so that this major effort can be sustained until victory is won. And to co-operate with the United Nations in preparing for a future worthy of the human race.

(Continued overleaf)

FIRE WATCHERS!

"JOHN BULL" offers free to every civilian reader—including Fire Watchers, Home Guards, Police, N.F.S., Wardens, etc.

A FREE AIR RAID POLICY

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

This Policy provides benefits for death and injury as defined caused by any action of Enemy, Allied or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

ABOVE all, we repeat, it is time for Britain to make its major effort. Not only on the battlefield, but at home. Everyday life must be shorn of its frills.

And this applies to the Bigwigs no less than to John Smith and Mary Brown.

Crumbs

Too many bigwigs address economy appeals to the public from well-laden banqueting tables.

Thus, a well-known M.P. opened Harrogate's Fuel Saving Campaign at a dinner which, with wines, cost £46. It seems a lot to pay for whatever crumbs of wisdom he may have uttered on the need for economy.

L.s.d. or Lives!

In war time the cost of unwise spending may well have to be reckoned in lives. Yet we know a rich man who travels daily to his City office by hired car. He lives five minutes away from a Tube station.

And some people still travel by car to bridge parties.

Grim Counsel

They should be made to read some official advice just issued to seamen. It tells the shipwrecked what to do if they have to jump into burning oil, or if they are so frost-bitten that the flesh comes away in strips.

No wines or bridge parties for them!

Part of the Service

We're no killjoys. Far from it. The point is that petrol and pleasure don't mix in war time.

So our eyebrows rise at the Service jazz band that travels by lorry each night to keep eight-guinea engagements—an example typical of much in our jazzy organisation for total war.

Brains or Burlesque!

Some people would turn even the B.B.C. Brains Trust into an affair of jazzy futility.

A few days after our criticisms of the fast-falling standard of this popular feature, Dr. Joad protested along much the same lines. Huxley and Sir Kenneth Clark support his plea for more serious questions.

Against them stands the sturdy figure of Commander Campbell.

The Right Place

Exhilarated, perhaps, by his music-hall tour, the Commander insists that listeners expect the Brains Trust to amuse them.

Serious questions, he fears, might make the sessions "too highbrow."

But surely the people who prefer buffoonery and vapidities are already well served by the B.B.C.'s variety shows!

Standing Alone!

For a new departure in humour our thanks go to such doughty "individualists" as Sir Ernest Benn, Lord Bicester, and Sir Frederick Hamilton.

They have sunk their individuality by forming a Society of Individualists. In future, apparently, they will be well organised to assert their right to remain unorganised.

Call-up Mix-up

Organisation is not to be found in some Government Departments.

A young cabinet maker was trained by the Ministry of Labour as a machine tool fitter, and assured he would be exempt from National Service. For more than a year he has been employed as a fitter.

Recently he received his call-up papers for the Army. As he had actually been registered as a cabinet maker, the Ministry of Labour couldn't intervene.

No Connection

His employer therefore wrote to the Supply Ministry, from whom he holds important contracts.

Later, by telephone, he was told that his letter had been passed to another section.

"But," said the official, "you'd better write asking them for quick attention. If my section did that, it would only prejudice your case. They won't do anything for us."

Tug-of-War

From what we hear, jealous opposition exists between other sections of the same Ministry.

And, we fear, between one Ministry and another.

Which suggests that not all our Ministers are "strong men."

Fresh Air Craze

Incidentally, the Ministry of Supply should make better provision for some of its timber-fellers.

Behind the News

- **Tokio is taking special measures to prevent figures of Anglo-U.S.A. war production reaching Japs and people in occupied Indies.**
- *Iraq's declaration of war on the Axis has broken all links between Nazi-Fascist agents in the East.*
- Despite Nazi efforts, Rumanian peasants are smuggling grain to Greeks hiding in Macedonia. Several hundred trucks have got through in the last few weeks.
- **Former French statesmen now imprisoned in Germany are being offered bribes of reinstatement if they will help to switch French masses to real Axis collaboration.**
- *Neutrals report that accuracy of Anglo-U.S.A. bomb-sights from high levels is the despair of Nazi technicians.*
- Quislings are alarmed at fatal "black-out accidents" to their friends; Nazis cannot guarantee safety.
- **Reichsbank has warned Hitler that inflation is inevitable unless purchase of all goods not connected with the war is stopped.**
- *Plans are well ahead to rush "the greatest job in history"—feeding starving Europe when Germany is defeated. Several million tons of food are ready for shipment.*
- So many German deserters, fearing invasion, have been rounded up in Norway that they can't be shot for fear of results at home.
- **Italian soldiers in Balkans are paying big prices for civilian clothes, sending word home that this disguise, "when the time comes," may mean the difference between life and death.**

- **Mr. A. V. Alexander admits that the Fleet Air Arm needs better machines. It could also do with some better methods.**

In 1931, a young man signed on for twelve years in the Royal Marines. Just before the war, he transferred to the Fleet Air Arm and became a fighter pilot.

He was engaged in operations from both shore bases and aircraft carriers. He took part in the Battle of Matapan.

Then, last year, after 650 flying hours to his credit, he was told that he wasn't in the Force at all, but was a civilian!

Apparently he had automatically been discharged from the Marines when he transferred to the Fleet Air Arm and hadn't signed on in the latter Service.

He declined to sign afresh and thus lose all his previous service. With the result that he was returned to Britain and discharged.

So, for the last six months, an experienced fighter pilot has been in "Civvy Street" on A.R.P. work.

Three dozen workers, including ten girls, have to travel sixteen miles each morning and evening on a lorry which has no sides, seats or back.

Yet, it is said, the Ministry of Transport's offer of a special bus has been refused.

In Store

Why does another Ministry store thousands of pounds' worth of new furniture in a Midlands county?

If it is being kept in case people are bombed-out by another blitz we'd like to point out that many people bombed-out by the last blitz are still without furniture.

He'd Like To Know

We confess that other questions put to us by a reader completely stump us.

Why aren't prisoners-of-war employed to trim the hedges that waste valuable land? And why did six official inspectors recently arrive in expensive cars to carry out a small inspection of a site clearly shown on the ordnance map?

Big Money

No less puzzling is why no attempt is made to control house prices.

A seven-roomed Ayr house is advertised at £2,200. A five-roomed house is put at £1,400. For a four-roomed bungalow, offers over £1,250 "will be considered." For a three-roomed bungalow, at least £950 is demanded.

Going Up

Those are a few examples chosen from Scotland. But nearly all the provincial newspapers carry columns of similar advertisements. And prices are still rising.

What a prospect for the lads who will return from the Forces to set up home!

Sure Thing

Alas! the Government's housing plans are vague. Mr. Tom Williams, M.P., now merely "hopes" to see houses built this year exclusively for land workers.

There must be something more concrete than hopes if accommodation is to be found for the extra land workers we shall need this year.

Fish and Fowl

Foreign troops are poked into cramped "hostels." If a tiny suburban house is left empty, it is immediately requisitioned. Now, it is said, more hotels to be seized.

Yet big houses in Mayfair and Hampstead—and in the country—have been "To be Let or Sold" since war began.

Shuttlecocks

Quite a lot of people are still making unnecessary journeys—against their will.

A man from the Outer Hebrides who knows little English was recently posted to a Service station in Devon. Just previously, from the same station, a man had been posted to the Outer Hebrides.

Other Times, Other Manners

R.A.F. sergeants who made a darts fixture with an N.F.S. unit have been told to cancel it.

The officer's reason: "It will mean return match, and we don't know if firemen would be a good type we'd like in the sergeants' mess."

They were gentlemen once—in the ninety days of continuous blitz.

Inquiry Wanted

Men of a Scottish hospital reserved for soldiers, sailors, airmen and merchant navy seamen have sent us what is said to be their complete Sunday breakfast. It consists of one small portion of butter, bread.

Incredible? Perhaps. But, just to make sure, there should be an official investigation of the complaint.

Short Life

Here's an obvious fact that officialdom seems to have overlooked: If "utility" goods are shoddy and short-lived, people will have to buy more, and thus materials will be wasted.

Once again, we hear of a woman who bought shoes for her little girl and found after one day's wear that the soles were crumbling.

Trade Slump

A man's outfitter tells us that his trade is being ruined because he cannot get ordinary stocks, and his customers walk out after inspecting Utility garments.

"I can't blame them," he says, "their shirts are like tissue paper."

Sharp Business

One new shopping racket will not, we trust, become general. A butcher gives a housewife a joint that costs a few pence more than the official maximum.

Thinking she is being favoured, she doesn't weigh the meat. If she did, she would find she was being overcharged. The same ramp is being worked with off-the-ration foodstuffs, such as liver.

Wasting Coal

To the statement that North-West industrial concerns are the worst fuel wasters, an engineer retorts that the trouble is due to the "awful stuff" from which steam has to be raised.

Stuff which, he says, gives three times the amount of ashes for the same quantity of fuel as supplied before the war.

Question

"Why can't this fuel be cleaned before it leaves the pit," he asks. "then saving wagons and not wasting good coal to heat up dirt?"

Private householders are, no doubt, asking the same question.

Naturally Not

Another reader tells us that his wife has worked in a railway goods depot for four years and received 36s. a week. "Do you think that a living wage in these days?" he asks.

We don't think. We know it isn't. And we're pretty sure no railway director would like to live on it.

PLAN FOR NOW—AND AFTER

WITH the swift march of military and political events, the United Nations need, more than ever, a Grand Council to unify their policy in war to safeguard humanity against chaos n it is over.

On both sides of the Atlantic public men are ing our own insistent demand for the setting such a Council.

Isolation is dead as a doornail. "Hitlerism" killed it.

All but the densest die-hards now realise that close co-operation of "The Big Four" is ntial to victory, and no less essential to the blishment of a durable peace.

Lord Halifax, the latest notable convert the cause JOHN BULL has been preaching through the war, declares that the British mmonwealth, the United States, Russia and ina *must* accept joint responsibility to manity.

He says that "the future international struc- is bound to rest upon the capacity and gness of these four Great Powers to guaran- peace and order."

We not only agree; we consider the proposi- self-evident.

Fifty other countries may be involved in e final settlement, but without the unified adership of "The Big Four," no settlement n ever be final.

Our smaller Allies are represented at present overnments in exile and token forces in the .

They must and will be given proper considera- in the ultimate reconstruction of world ety. But they cannot now control the course vents; nor can the four Great Powers them- es except in combination.

"War is total," said Lord Halifax, "and so ace.

"We cannot have boom in one part of the d and slump in another; nor war in Asia and e in America."

D yet no permanent Council of the Big Four has been established!

Asked if any action has been taken by r Government in consultation with the S.A. and the U.S.S.R. to prepare a common ogramme of post-war economic co-opera- n, Mr. Eden could only say that "consider- le progress has been made."

The Cabinet's *intention*, he explained, is to are such a programme in consultation with he United Nations.

But intentions, however good, do not meet urgency of the present situation. *They must ut into effect without delay.*

How is this to be done? There are rumours in London and Washington that delegates Four-Power Grand Council will be appointed he immediate future.

It has even been suggested that these dele- s might be no lesser men than Roosevelt, rchill, Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek!

For obvious reasons it would not be prac- cable to appoint the Chiefs of State to such body. But, for no less obvious reasons, the rand Council—the Supreme G.H.Q., or hatever else it might be termed—would ave to consist of statesmen of the highest uthority.

JOHN BULL would like to see four just men, famous men of War Cabinet rank, appointed the least possible delay to voice and interpret United Nations' policy from now onwards.

Where they would meet and when and what secretariat each would need are questions that would have to be determined by expediency and geography.

The only thing that matters is that "The Big Four" should be in almost constant session and able to speak with one voice on all matters of immediate importance.

Let us consider certain facts bearing upon the *urgency* of this matter. There is, first of all, the curious and disturbing political "set up" in North Africa.

Every student of world affairs now realises that the unity of the United Nations has been disturbed by the policy of "expediency" which first brought about a deal with Darlan.

Mr. Attlee has assured Parliament that Britain and the States have nothing but a single objective—"to promote the union of all Frenchmen in Africa in the war of liberation from the Axis."

That is a clear-cut statement which all will welcome; but at the same time it is very evident that the "political" difficulties in North Africa are far from being surmounted.

Every moment of time is precious, and no pains should be spared to settle existing differences as speedily as possible.

We are not qualified to say what form such settlement should take, but we should like to be assured not only that London and Washington see eye to eye on this expediency, but that Moscow and Chungking do so, too.

Were they even consulted? The world is not informed.

JOHN BULL takes a confident view of military developments; but we cannot be too careful lest other political incidents, no less embarrassing than this one, should crop up in future months to disturb harmony among the United Nations and shake the confidence of neutral well-wishers.

Nothing but a Grand Council of the Big Four, able to give a quick and clear lead on all such matters of war policy, can eliminate this risk.

In the realm of domestic affairs the swift and decisive guidance of the Big Four is no less necessary.

Our own Parliament has but recently reassembled, and during the present series of sittings it will be called upon to debate not only the conduct of the war but also many questions of vital importance to the future of the people.

The Beveridge Plan for Social Security lies at the very foundations of our post-war reconstruction. But it depends for its success upon the prospect of a high level of employment after the war is won.

The Barlow, Scott and Uthwatt Reports, which relate to the future of British industry and to town and country planning, also presuppose for their successful operation a return to normal prosperity and general security.

But it is useless to hope for prosperity and security in these islands unless both are assured to the outside world.

The people of the United States are deeply interested in the Beveridge Plan. Many of them envisage a similar scheme for their own country. But they, too, cannot hope to improve their own social and economic system except as part of a progressive world plan.

HENCE the Atlantic Charter.

Hence, too, the large-scale preparations, *which have already been made*, for bringing food and medical supplies and other immediate and practical relief to stricken Europe directly the war ends.

JOHN BULL suggests that here, in nucleus, is an organisation which could be developed to insure the equitable distribution of raw materials after the war.

But the crying need is for a single authoritative voice—the voice of "The Big Four"—to tell the world of our intentions; for one supreme authority to carry our plans forward to the stage of instant application.

There have been fruitful consultations among our principal leaders. But there has been no complete unity of political and military direction; no thorough agreement on propaganda; no common and final statement of Allied aims in peace and war.

Nor can we hope for these things until a Grand Council of the United Nations has been appointed and is vested with supreme authority.

The Folly of Air-Raid Indifference

LOCAL wardens assure us that 2,000 people assembled on Hampstead Heath on the night the *Luftwaffe* resumed its inland raids on this country.

They were elated rather than nervous. They "wanted to see the fireworks"—London's new and spectacular barrage.

★ ★ ★

And it was sheer good luck that none were killed or injured by shell splinters, which caused many casualties that night, and which were plentifully distributed over the Heath the next morning.

Now it is good to know that our people do not panic when the bombers come, as the Italians admit, that their people do.

Yet we do not rejoice at this display of indifference to raids.

Far too much indifference of this kind has grown up during the long lull.

It resulted in people being killed or injured while watching "the fireworks" from their doors or windows.

One fool injured means peril for the several Civil Defence workers who rush to help him.

During the day raid in which so many schoolchildren were killed the bombs were dropping before the sirens went.

People showed no hurry to get to shelter—or even to leave the middle of the roads.

Then bombs fell during that day raid while many of the street shelters were still locked. When the doors had been opened the bombers had gone.

The lull has certainly made officialdom indifferent, too!

As we have said before, there are plenty of Civil Defence workers anxious to take full charge of shelters and see that they are kept clean, free from undesirables, and safe against thieves, while remaining open *always* for any sudden emergency.

★ ★ ★

Let them have extra money for the extra responsibilities. They can do with it.

Then the resumed raids found London with many black-outs that were little more than dim-outs.

The police are going to attend to this. There are to be fewer first warnings and stiffer penalties.

And, again, many streets were found to be without water-buckets.

Some energetic people in one district emptied dustbins and filled them with water — and one was stolen!

★ ★ ★

This waning of our air raid wariness doesn't mean we have more courage than during the worst blitzes. That could never be surpassed.

No, indifference *is* the word. And the lull has accentuated it.

It has led millions of people to pack their gas-masks away without thought as to whether they are still efficient.

Yet we are no more able to say Hitler will never add gas warfare to his crimes than we were two years ago.

A national quality this indifference may be—of sorts. But there are days when we should submerge even national qualities to minimise losses and hasten victory.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR, M.P., Secretary of State for Air

DEAR SIR,—As fervently as anyone in the whole country I admire the R.A.F. I appreciate the task of the great organisation which directs it and caters for it.

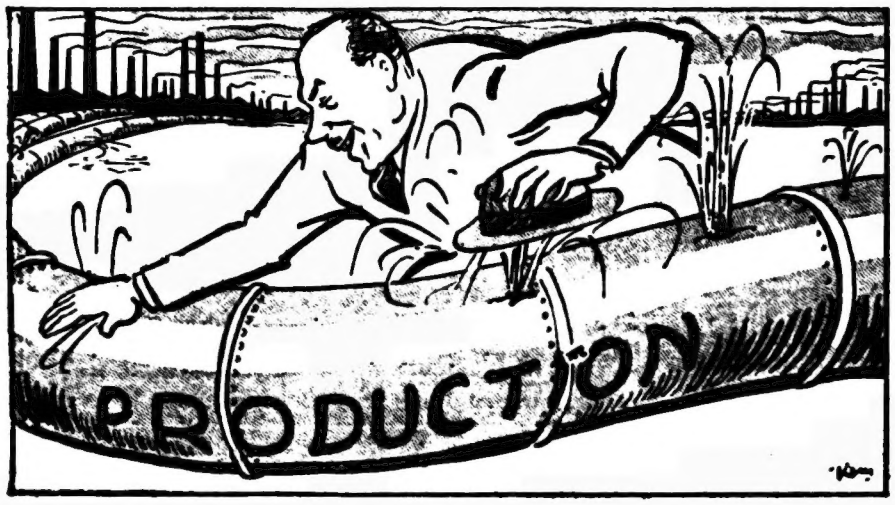
But, in non-operational affairs at least, your Department cannot rival the speed of the *Spitfire* or *Lancaster*.

I wrote to the Ministry regarding an ex-airman on May 26 last year. In July I was given a hope of an early answer.

In August I was told that the information I sought would be passed to me when available. In January of this year I wrote again—and have just received an answer.

On another matter I made an inquiry on September 9 last year. The reply sent to me was dated January 15 this year.

I hope you usually do better than that.—JOHN BULL.



LORD BRIDGMAN, Director-General, Home Guard

MY LORD,—Your zone commanders should remember that discretion is still a necessary virtue.

Too many prosecutions are authorised of Home Guards who skip parades in order to produce the food or the munitions that the country so urgently requires.

Let me quote just one case.

A Scot failed to attend parade. He considered he had something more important to do.

Looking after ninety-nine cattle, he started work at four in the morning and often did not finish until eight at night.

Had he attended the parade he would have had to leave some cows unmilked and unfed—and would have lost his job.

And he was no raw recruit who needed the discipline of a Home Guard parade.

He had served twelve years in the Regular Army—and had reached the rank of company sergeant-major.

Nevertheless, he was summoned and fined.

I need not quote similar cases. Each has the same moral.

The authorities must decide which comes first—war production or H.G. parades.

You, I suggest, should again remind your subordinates that a man's military efficiency cannot be measured by his attendance at parades—particularly if he be an ex-trained soldier.—JOHN BULL.

Miss ELLEN WILKINSON, M.P., Ministry of Home Security

DEAR MADAM,—Recent developments have intensified the need for the Civil Defence shake-up that I have previously advocated.

In how many districts, for example, have stirrup pumps been tested and cleaned in recent months?

That is a job which simply cannot be done by fire guards in black-out hours. It should be made the duty of full-time wardens who have so little to do during the daytime.

Moreover, the new fire guard scheme is arousing complaints of needless difficulties and irritations.

Wardens and guards alike are bored by interminable meetings to discuss rotas they have already agreed upon but over which their superiors quibble and haggle.

Schemes tested by hard experience are scrapped without cause. Thus, bomb-hardened guards at a London goods depot have done two nights' duty a week in order to earn extra money. Now officialdom decrees that on one night they must be replaced by inexperienced conscripts.

Remind A.R.P. chiefs that the size of their brains can best be measured by the smoothness with which they prepare for any emergency.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary, Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—During the next few months the Government will adopt your "baby," or tens of thousands of Britons will want to know why not.

Your own description of the buxom infant as "a charter for the unwanted" is as good as any.

It was born of the belief that all disabled persons can be returned to active life, no longer a burden to others, but as healthy and happy members of the community.

Therefore, your committee urges that their rehabilitation should be regarded not only as a medical problem but also as a social, economic and industrial problem.

Hospital services must be developed. A bridge must be built between hospital treatment and job-finding. Prejudices against the employment of disabled folk must be broken down. Some industries must be reserved for them. Other industries must take a certain proportion of them.

Local authorities must be given greater powers to care for the blind.

Such are a few of your recommendations. They are so reasonable that no criticism has been raised against them; so necessary that they may be regarded as a first instalment of the Beveridge Plan.

And they must be passed into law without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. OLIVER LYTTELTON, M.P., Minister of Production

DEAR SIR,—By next month you will have had a year in which to set the wheels of our arms factories at full speed.

You have had time to organise your job. You have had ample opportunities to rectify flaws and patch up leakages.

Well, the wheels are turning fast. But not fast enough.

A Welsh engineer has been fined for absenting himself from work. He stayed away, he said, because "it drives me crackers having no work to do."

A workmate testified that he, too, had been without work at the factory for twenty days but had been paid. Both men wanted transfers.

In another factory last week a man was ordered home because his bus had been late. He offered to stay and work for nothing. But no, he had to lose a day's work!

Yet, at the same factory, charge hands are able to make brass fire-screens and lighters for themselves.

At Coventry a hundred workers have downed tools because one skilled man refused to pay fines levied on him for working too hard.

The operatives had an agreement to *restrict their output* so that their earnings did not exceed 5s. 6d. an hour.

A wicked agreement, yet by no means unique. Nor are the other cases I have quoted at all uncommon.

Start your second year as Minister of Production by insisting on *maximum* output!—JOHN BULL.

Sabotage at Home

ARGUE IT OUT
★
By PALLAS

THE more I study Britain at war the more bewildered I become. We amazed the world by cocking a thumb at Hitler when, by all known standards, we should have cowered in abject surrender.

We stood four-square to the evil challenge of the crooked cross and rolled up our sleeves to meet and overcome that challenge

We suffered the blitz with a steadfast courage which invested every ruined home and shattered building with a halo of glory.

These things—and more—we did. We accepted restrictions on our personal liberty. Sacrifices were cheerfully made. Home life for millions ceased to exist.

By our fortitude and by our exertion we saved this island. To-day it is bastion No. 1 against Hitler. It is one vast aerial threat to the Reich; it is a bomb-charged spear poised against the very heart of the pollution that is Germany.

Those are the great things we did—the things of which historians will write in years to come.

No nation—even one fighting for its freedom and the freedom of its unborn generations—is perfect.

We have travelled far along the road of total war, but, now and again, by-paths beckon, and some people forget the grim tasks that lie ahead on the long, weary road.

It is to such people as these that we owe Lord Woolton's warning that he may find it necessary to ration bread.

The need for this warning is one of the things that bewilder me. Of all the material blessings which are ours to-day the greatest of all, perhaps, is the fact that we have good, cheap, unrationed bread.

Yet there are selfish people who are wasting bread. Ye gods, *wasting bread when scores of millions of hungry families are crying piteously and in vain for it.*

Wasting bread when grain ships and the men who sail them brave submarines and mines and marauding aircraft to bring the wheat to Britain.

Wasting bread when Stalin, having to choose between arms and food from U.S.A. because there was not enough shipping transport for both, *chose arms.*

Wasting bread when every inch of shipping space is needed to rush to the fighting fronts the floods of tanks and guns and 'planes pouring from the vast arsenal which is America.

Wasting bread when men are dying all over the world so that in years to come no man or woman or child shall go hungry.

Wasting bread when everybody should be conserving every scrap of it and should send up a prayer of thankfulness every time a slice of bread is eaten.

Madam, every bit of bread you waste is a bit of bread thrown into Hitler's lap.

It is sabotage, just as deadly in its cumulative effect as a bomb in a factory. It is a betrayal of the men who sail the seas, and a betrayal of your children.

That careless waste should haunt you. It should come back to you in terms of ghosts—ghosts of men who died so that your bread should be unrationed.

End this sabotage. Help Woolton in the great job he is doing. And take to heart the lesson in every grain of wheat, every crumb of bread.

Our Spies With Headphones

★ Among the most intriguing revelations when victory comes will be the full stories of how we ran down some of the enemy's closest secrets. Meanwhile the writer of this article is able to disclose some of the achievements of our wide-awake experts

By HAROLD A. ALBERT

BRILLIANT psychologists are keeping watch hour by hour on all Axis broadcasts and weighing every word uttered.

They have been called "Britain's radio spies." They are experts engaged in a new scheme of analytical detection.

They have proved beyond all doubt that no matter how cleverly Goebbels tries to bluff the world, every sentence barked through Europe's microphones is a clue to Nazi plans and actions, a footprint in the snow, a chunk of political dynamite as revealing as R.A.F. photographs.

Once a week they present a secret mimeographed report to the Cabinet, the Admiralty, War Office and other Ministries.

Totally different from the daily 50,000-word Monitor's Digest, it shows not only what the Germans and Italians have been saying, *but why they said it.*

Eight weeks before the event, the radio spies warned Churchill of Hitler's projected "surprise" attack upon Russia. Without access to intelligence reports, in fact with nothing but broadcast words to go by, they set a date to the offensive.

Despite Nazi secrecy, and a cloak of Berlin diplomatic manœuvres, they were only three days out in their reckoning.

While Mussolini was noisily swearing he would keep Italy out of war, they probed his bluster—and reported that Italy would attack.

Psycho-Analysis

Weeks before the first magnetic mines were dropped, the new-style spies gave the authorities a good idea of what to expect.

Degaussing was ready, as a result, long before it might otherwise have been.

Even the worst lies of Goebbels sometimes hide the biggest truths

The simple secret of these amazing sleuths of the mike is that they apply modern methods of psycho-analysis—the methods of Freud, Jung and Adler—to Axis talks, speeches and news bulletins, knowing that the enemy cannot help but give himself away.

They seek for the hidden motive and explore the unconscious purpose in omitting facts served up to the German people from, say, broadcasts in Swedish.

They trace the patterns in propaganda and watch the casual repetitions that show repressed desires.

Or they read Hitler's thoughts in the deliberate harping that stresses an enemy attack plan while camouflaged as its opposite.

The worst Nazi lies sometimes hide the biggest truths. When the Germans plugged the invasion of Britain, the psychologists diagnosed that the Nazis wanted to divert British naval tonnage from convoy duty.

Subsequent intensification of U-boat activity showed this to be accurate.

When Berlin broadcasts an item in Arabic, but in no other language, a psychological probability must exist, giving the explanation.

Apparent Trivialities

When news is twisted to represent one story from Radio Paris and another on Berlin broadcasts beamed to Argentine, the experts analyse the difference.

Time and again, piling up the evidence in such apparent trivialities, they have given the Government vital advance information on enemy movements.

Britain's radio spies have included such experts as Professor Ernst Kris, for fifteen years an associate of Professor Sigmund Freud, and Dr. Mark Abrams, the anthropologist.

"There is a close parallel between primitive tribalism and German nationalism," he says.

Another "watcher," Miss Ann Outhwaite, in addition to being a noted sociologist, once helped in relief work in Germany and was on the editing staff of a magazine on international affairs.

Once a day such specialists as these meet in consultation and analyse Axis propaganda as accurately as radiolocation girls plot the course of a bomber.

Berlin invented the sinking of a British battleship by dive-bomber, Rome and Bari continued elaborating the story long after Berlin had finished with it.

Probing Deeper

Italian broadcasts to Turkey emphasised the failure—as Rome said—of the British Navy to cope with aerial attack.

Similar broadcasts to Arabia began to twist news from America to show the supposed superiority of aircraft over warships.

Why?

The experts plumbed deeper than the wishful thinking. Current Italian broadcasts were subjected to a special scrutiny for the varied and enthusiastic elaborations

Then the "wish-spotters" drew up a report indicating where and when Italian air attacks would develop in the Mediterranean.

The forewarning forearmed us—and the Italians lost more planes than they scored hits on our shipping.

Goebbels, of course, now knows about our radio espionage system. He has tried in vain to copy it. He has tied himself up in knots to disguise the truth.

And, as a matter of fact, this has pleased the psychologists. The more the Nazis try to guard their words, the more words betray them.

LOOK OUT HITLER!—THE AIRBORNES ARE WELL ON THE WAY

★ *Here's a close-up of our newest types of soldiers who may revolutionise battles when they go into action in earnest. Their equipment, their training and functions embody all the lessons of this fast moving war—and "are they ready" as the Americans say*

By JOHN CASHEL

I KNOW where you'd find the greatest delight at Mr. Attlee's promise that in 1943 Britain's arms are going to strike the enemy by land, sea and air with the greatest vigour and determination.

Among the troops with "Airborne" on their sleeves!

★ ★ ★

I was with an Airborne Division the other day. And I saw how absolutely ready *and anxious* they are to go into battle.

No self-contained army of specialists ever grew quicker—even in Germany.

Their king-pin is the magenta-beretted glider-pilot, with blue wings on left breast—the real airman-soldier who is not only airborne but does the air-bearing.

He has learned to fly an aeroplane. Next, to pilot his glider, with its load of men.

Then, down again on the ground and forgetting he is an airman, to fight as a highly specialised soldier with his glider-borne comrades.

1943 may be the year of the Airborne soldier.

He may strike and come into his own, just as did the superbly disciplined guardsmen of the old school in the retreat to Dunkirk in 1940; the tankmen in Wavell's classic Libya sweep of 1941; and the Commandos in the amphibious guerilla raids of 1942.

The particular punch of an Airborne Division is that in it glidetroops, paratroops and all other experts are welded as one.

Once having flown to their destination at many times the pace of the footslogger, several times the speed of the mechanised groundsman, and with greater chance of effecting surprise than either, they operate like any other self-contained offensive unit of the Army.

I saw these men in action in a grimly realistic mock battle.

Their combined divisional outfit was there in its several rôles.

★ ★ ★

The men of the young Reconnaissance Corps, most hotly armed unit of the Army, probed ahead for "soft" spots.

The Signallers were spreading their radio and cable communications, sending back a running commentary on what was happening.

Commanders with the main striking force could thus visualise the battle panorama almost as if they were following it on a cinema screen.

The Sappers were busy with their explosives, the Service Corps with their supplies, the R.A.M.C. with their first-aid and operating stations, the R.A.F. Army co-operators on their particular jobs.

Even the Army Dentists had flown to the spot. Some of us still regard as the last word in attack the Nazis' primitive flying guerillas and fifth columnists who rained down on the Low Countries when the Germans overran a surprised Europe.

How different our Airbornes of to-day!

I have been at the right end of mortar fire of an accuracy that lobbed a highly destructive missile plump on a tree a thousand feet away.

The "airbornes" were pitching them with pin-point safety only a hundred feet ahead of their advancing troops.

Smoke-bombs were putting up a protective screen still closer to the charging, shadowy figures with fixed bayonets or machine-guns.

Very lights, glowing strangely in the daylight sky, were appearing ahead; marking the positions of foremost attackers of, like pointing fingers, those of the enemy.

Tracers from the Brens, like meteoric-lit cigarette-ends, flashed into the enemy a few paces in front of advancing infantry hurling grenades.

Racing back came sappers as their explosives blew up the defenders' strong-point.

★ ★ ★

Nearly all of it, from glider-pilots and paratroops, was new—the war's lessons learned, improved upon, and superbly well done.

Only the minutest planning and timing averted casualties in that realistic stream and hail of shot and explosion, which is now merely the normal advanced training of the British Army.

These "airbornes" are but a foretaste of what is to be expected from British and American armies when the great blow falls.

Every month sees improvement in technique, methods and equipment.

★ ★ ★

If the dream of an international police force to maintain the peace of the world ever becomes true, the Airborne soldier will probably be the policeman.

That day—we can foresee it already, and it isn't so far ahead—he would be able to land on a flat roof six yards by ten, not at the mercy of a multitude of small arms as would be the foot-slogger on the roads, or even the man dangling at the end of a parachute.

But before he is called on for jobs like that he'll play a big part in the fierce fighting that lies between us and victory.

And, having seen him "doing his stuff," I can assure you that he will give a good account of himself.

BEST PRAISE FOR RU IS ACTION!

★ We must speed up the pounding of the enemy by land, by sea, by air, everywhere, pledged by Mr. Attlee. And we must, whatever the cost in human sacrifice, swell the supplies going to Russia

Says A. G. GARDINER

FROM Leningrad to the Caucasus the great Russian tide sweeps on. The whole world looks on at the spectacle with astonishment. On the one side, it is astonished admiration; on the other, it is astonished alarm.

Who does not recall the emotions of that day in June, 1941, when the news burst on us that Hitler, with a conquered continent behind him, had suddenly launched his triumphant war machine against Russia?

We rejoiced that at last we had an ally. We no longer stood alone against the mightiest engine of war the world had ever seen.

But we rejoiced without illusions. In spite of the set-back in the Battle of Britain, Hitler's might on land and in the air seemed irresistible. By comparison with it Stalin's power seemed negligible.

Hitler had no doubt of it. The Russian army would be stubble to his sword. In ten weeks it would be destroyed. Moscow would be in his hands, and from the Kremlin he would dictate his terms of peace to a conquered world.

Some of Hitler's dupes struggling to repair lines of communication

Even Britain would see that further resistance was hopeless. In any case, with Russia liquidated, with the wheat lands of the Ukraine and the oilfields of the Caucasus in his hands, and with his path to the Persian Gulf secure, final victory would be certain.

That was his programme. And none of us was wiser in our estimate of Russia. We were grateful for her heroic stand, for the breathing time it gave us.

BUT WE WERE AS LITTLE PREPARED FOR WHAT FOLLOWED AS HITLER WAS—FOR THE AMAZING RETREAT, THE THRILLING DEFENCE OF MOSCOW, THE ASTOUNDING WINTER CAMPAIGN THAT FOLLOWED.

Even that revelation left the world, friend and enemy alike, still unconvinced that these prodigies were more than the desperate and forlorn sacrifices of an heroic people.

The enemy was halted, even pushed back, but he was unbroken and the crushing might of his machine might still give him victory.

Now at the end of another year, in the depths of another winter, the full measure of Russian greatness is revealed to an astonished world. Not only the limitless heroism and endurance of her armies.

Not only her unconquerable will to perish to the last man, and even the last woman, rather than surrender.

These spiritual qualities, this passionate, uncalculating devotion to the fatherland we had learned to expect. They had been the marvel of a pauseless battle of a year and a half—a battle without parallel in scale or intensity in human history.

What neither friend nor foe had anticipated is the revelation of the unexhausted might of Russia.

FAR INTO THE SECOND YEAR OF THE WAR, LONG AFTER HITLER HAD BOASTED THAT HE HAD "ANNIHILATED" HER ARMIES, SHE HAS IN THE LAST TWO MONTHS STAGED THE MOST IMPRESSIVE "COME BACK" IN THE ANNALS OF WAR.

She has rolled Hitler's legions back on every front. She has shattered finally the legend of Germany's "invincible" arms. From Leningrad to Stalingrad and from Stalingrad to Mozdok she has had a succession of dazzling triumphs that have shaken the whole fabric of Hitler's war structure.

How staggering the rain of blows has been is shown by the panic that has seized Hitler's apologists.

First they took refuge in silence. The truth dared not be disclosed. Now that that device is impossible, this is the sort of whine that is broadcast by the Axis:—

"We have been deceived. When Russia fought Finland we saw her attacking with badly armed and ill-equipped armies. Little we knew that behind this façade there stood hundreds and hundreds of magnificently trained divisions ready to march."

Wicked Mr. Stalin! How dared you deceive us? Why did you not warn us that you were not as easy a prey as France, or Poland, or the other dozen countries we have ravaged, destroyed and enslaved?

* * *

But it is not only the might of Russia and the heroism of her people that give significance to the great drama we are witnessing.

HITLER HAS BEEN OUT-GENERALLED BY STALIN. HE HAS NOT ONLY UNDER-ESTIMATED THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE AND RUSSIAN POWER. HE HAS UNDER-ESTIMATED HIS MAN. THE TALKATIVE BRAGGART HAS MISJUDGED THE SILENT THINKER.

Hitler has blundered this winter as he blundered last. Then he invited the Moscow defeat by rejecting Brauchitsch's advice to withdraw to a defensible line.

Now he has repeated the blunder on a

Ten Years Ago—and To-day

JUST ten years ago, on January 30, 1933, German Generals and Industrial Magnates were toasting one another in a jubilant mood. Old Hindenburg's appointment of Adolf Hitler as a Chancellor was largely their own achievement, their own triumph.

Not that they liked the man very much; but he would be their tool and would serve their ends: destroy the democratic Republic, crush the political and industrial organisations of the workers, make Germany again a first-class military Power.

In the end they could get rid of him and, under a new Kaiser, they would again become the real rulers of Germany.

That was their confident calculation.

★ ★ ★

To-day, the same Generals and Industrial Magnates curse that January 30, 1933. They have only one thought: how to get out of the mess into which that man Adolf Hitler has plunged his country.

That man alone? No; they, too, are just as much responsible as the Nazis.

But cynics that they are, they imagine they can put all the blame on Hitler and his Party.

They have forgotten the decisive part they played ten years ago, and ever since. And they think that the rest of the world must forget it too!

So, while the news from Russia and from everywhere else is getting worse, they are frantically thinking of putting an end to the war—*their* war as much as Hitler's and his gang—before it is too late, before the catastrophe becomes obvious.

★ ★ ★

Emissaries are sent out to the few remaining neutral capitals with the idea of conveying "peace plans" to Allied quarters.

Stockholm especially has become a centre of these activities. Names of dismissed Generals and of discontented Industrial and Financial Magnates are being put forward discreetly as the secret backers of the schemes.

Some of the proposals sound moderate and even reasonable. Nazi leaders are all to disappear, all the occupied countries to be evacuated.

All anti-Jewish laws and measures to be withdrawn, all Hitler's territorial annexations to be cancelled. . . .

Two years ago, maybe, such a programme would have tempted some people.

But *now* no one who matters is likely to regard it as anything but an obvious attempt to escape the consequences of inevitable defeat.

The sponsors of the schemes know that Germany is doomed, but it is possible the German people don't fully realise it yet.

And unless the German people do realise, in the most unmistakable way, that Hitler and his associates—whether Nazis or not—have brought over them a new defeat, even worse than that of 1918, there will be no guarantee against a recurrence of the spirit of aggression.

Punishment of war criminals, smashing of the economic and political power of those forces which made Hitler and the war possible, destruction of the German military machine and of the German military caste are the necessary and visible signs of the defeat.

There is, of course, no suggestion of anything like that in the peace feelers as reported from Stockholm, Berne and Ankara.

★ ★ ★

How could there be, since the kites are flown by circles which are steeped in guilt and which are trying to save their influence as well as their skins?

What they suggest is no use—and, anyway, the gesture comes far too late.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

RUSSIA

!

reater scale. He extended his communica-ons fatally when he made his two-pronged ttack on Stalingrad and the Caucasus.

His failure to drive the prongs home efore winter left him with only one sane ourse. It was to retreat to the Rostov-harkov-Smolensk line, rest his army and rganise his reserves for the Spring.

That is the advice that Von Leeb, the reat master of the defensive-offensive would ave given. But Von Leeb is in disgrace. He not a Nazi, and Himmler has him on his lack list.

Moreover, Hitler's vanity would not permit im to retreat. He had sworn that he would ake Stalingrad, and take it he would, no atter the cost. Nor would he withdraw his rmies from the fatal " bag " they were caught in the Caucasus.

* * *

IN A WORD, HE PLAYED STRAIGHT INTO STALIN'S HAND. THAT ASTUTE BRAIN HAD BEEN PREPARING FOR PRECISELY THIS SITUATION.

When, with the army he had secretly obilised east of the Volga, he struck at itler's attempt to relieve the encircled army efore Stalingrad, he set in motion a vast trategic plan.

That plan we are witnessing in operation long the whole thousand-mile front.

Its achievements are immense. They are ot to be measured simply by the territory ecaptured, the thousands of enemy killed or aptured, or the mountains of booty taken. eyond all this are two things.

The first is the blow delivered to the orale of Hitler's army. It knows that it is o longer invincible. It is no longer winning.

The second is that Hitler's reserves, nstead of resting and preparing for the pring, are being flung into the battle line to ay the resistless tide of the Russian armies.

Where that tide will carry Stalin's army it not my purpose to guess. It is enough at his stage to show the grandeur of the design nd to pay homage to the genius of the com-ander and the sublime courage of a great eople.

But the homage of words is not enough. he medium for our homage is deeds.

This is one of the most critical moments f the war. We have turned the tide. The nemy is on the defensive.

HE IS REELING, BUT HE IS NOT YET ON THE RUN. EVERY OUNCE THAT IS PUT INTO OUR PUNCH NOW WILL HELP TO BRING HIM TO THAT STAGE.

It is this fact that gives momentum to hat astonishing pursuit of Rommel by the ighth Army. It is this fact that explains the ncreased fury of the war which we are carry-g into Germany by air.

Every plane or tank that is drawn to frica, every supply ship that is sunk in the editerranean, every bomb that bursts in erlin has its repercussions on the Russian ront.

We must force the pace in Tunisia. We ust intensify the alarms on the Channel nd North Sea front.

Above all, there must be no slackening in he flow of supplies to Russia. That flow has een maintained at the cost of dreadful losses, ut it must be continued and enlarged.

★ All the world knows of the tyranny and misery let loose since Hitler grabbed power in Germany ten years ago to this week. But even now many people do not realise the extent to which he and his gang have enriched themselves by the most bare-faced looting of all time

Here they all are as they were in the seamy days. Hitler has now ordered the destruction of all copies of this picture in Germany

How Hitler's Gang 'Found' Riches

IT was as a down-and-out bunch of political desperadoes that they started out.

They were virtually in rags, persecuted by creditors, cold-shouldered even by the shadiest moneylenders.

To-day they are millionaires.

Nothing reveals the real nature of Nazism, the greatest racket in history, more clearly.

I remember the happy smile on the face of the manager of the Berlin Kaiserhof Hotel ten years ago when he heard that Hitler had become German Chancellor.

Hitler, Goering, Goebbels and their intimates used the Kaiserhof as their Berlin headquarters, but it was months since they had last paid their big hotel bill.

That Berlin hotel manager, as all those acquainted with the leading personalities of the Nazi Party, knew that Hitler and his friends would use their political power for their personal enrichment. They would soon be able to pay their bills. . . .

Goebbels has only recently revealed how empty were the Nazi Party's coffers at that time, how desperate was the financial position of the movement at the turn of 1932-33.

Cottage to Castle

Hitler himself lived in a little cottage at Berchtesgaden. But as his political fortunes inside Germany prospered, as the Nazi leaders gained complete control, that little cottage was replaced by his present lavish residence.

It is hewn into the rock, accessible only through a long tunnel and by means of a copper-plated lift.

It is expensively furnished, and Hitler's own room provides a view—through a huge window 5 ft. high, 12 ft. long — of a vast panorama of mountains as if seen from an aeroplane in flight.

Berchtesgaden Castle now houses an art collection of which the *Mona Lisa*, brought from the Paris Louvre and probably the world's greatest picture, is just one exhibit. It is surrounded by Old Masters which Hitler " collected " in Vienna, Prague, Amsterdam and every other city which his troops entered.

The value of his picture gallery, gobelins, tapestry, furniture, is too big to be estimated in cold figures.

Add to this the income from his newspaper, the *Voelkischer Beobachter*, which 5,000,000 Germans are compelled to buy.

Buy it or—

Also the revenue from his book, " Mein Kampf," of which millions of copies have been sold (royalties one mark per book), and you will get an approximate idea of the wealth of the Fuehrer.

Yet I doubt whether Hitler is the richest of all Nazis.

Goering has organised the racket much better than his master. He remembers the days when he was so broke that Hitler nominated him for a seat in the German Parliament because he needed an M.P.'s income to pay his rent.

That is why Goering has decided to devote himself chiefly to industrial problems. That is the reason behind his decision to create the " Herman Goering " industrial combine.

It makes him overlord over all Europe's industries and recipient of huge dividends.

The property which he controls runs into hundreds of millions of pounds : Skoda Arms Works in Czechoslovakia, Schneider-Creuzot in France, Reschitza Combine in Rumania, waterworks, electricity companies, copper mines.

To " invest " his money according to his own predelictions he has created an office dealing with European art treasures.

And his agents have combed every Continental art gallery for loot.

Before R.A.F. bombers made life on the outskirts of Berlin uncomfortable, Goering lived at Karinhall Castle, Schorfheide, the last big German reservation, which was once a public estate.

Four hundred servants looked after his comforts. Special trains and aeroplanes made travel a pleasure.

Goering's Haul

Jewels which he has requisitioned in a dozen European museums, national treasures of centuries, are now Frau Goering's " private property."

Occasionally, though, an object of art does slip through Goering's fingers. That is when the cunning and brutal Himmler fancies it, as was the case wi'' an Old Master in a Dutch gallery, and sends his own agents to beat Goering's men to it.

That piece now adorns the Himmler home, together with others, not less valuable, but rather showing Himmler's somewhat inferior tastes.

Even so, this one-time schoolmaster, with an income of about £25 a month, has now accumulated precious stones, the size, value and number of which bear comparison with some of the most famous collections in the world.

They were all " given " to him by his S.S. Black Guards, who have ransacked thousands of homes, broken into thousands of shops, robbed millions of families.

They were allowed to keep the loot on condition that the exhibition pieces would go to their chief, Himmler.

But no Nazi has acquired his wealth in a dirtier fashion than Goebbels, whom I still remember as a poverty-stricken journalist and soap-box orator.

He simply ordered the imprisonment of his wife's first husband, the German millionaire Quandt, and refused to release him until he had made over his whole vast fortune to his ex-wife, Frau Goebbels.

It was with this money that Goebbels established his house, Schwanenwerder, an island idyl in a lake near Berlin. A dozen country estates were just thrown into the bargain.

But, maybe, Ribbentrop learned a lesson from Goebbels when he first set his covetous eyes on Fuschl Castle, near Salzburg.

There is a woman in London to-day, Baroness Berg, who will tell you how Ribbentrop sent her husband, the owner of this castle, to a concentration camp to be murdered so that he could take it over. Ribbentrop still lives there.

And the Others

And the smaller fry have not missed their chance either.

Ten years of Nazi régime, over three years of war, have given them all the opportunities for enrichment.

There is Terboven, now Nazi Gauleiter of Norway, who was a gigolo and a clerk until he blackmailed the Rhineland industrialists to accept him as a fellow-director on their boards.

Now Terboven is as rich as the men who once paid him petty bribes, and in Germany's " Who's Who " the list of his directorships fills pages.

Frank, a struggling Munich lawyer, who got into trouble eleven years ago when he misappropriated his clients' funds, is another example.

As Governor-General of Poland he sees to it that the property of the Poles and Jews whom he orders to be murdered does not disappear as the bodies of his victims.

From a special office in Krakow loads of valuables are regularly taken to the Governor's residence. His parties and orgies are unequalled since the days of Sodom. Those who met him have described how he rolls 'n money.

Like Locusts

To enumerate the total of stolen and looted property now in the hands of the Nazis would fill a book. But every piece can be traced to a major or minor Party leader, to officers and soldiers of the gangster army that has cleaned up Europe like a swarm of locusts.

That is why the recent Allied declaration insisting on the return of the loot as soon as victory is won hit the Nazi racketeers where it hurt most.

W. F.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

QUACKS WHO MUST BE STOPPED

AN increasing number of people, variously described as "specialists," "experts," and even as "doctors," are offering "cures" for all kinds of ailments.

In these days of tension, sufferers are more inclined than ever to try unorthodox methods of treatment rather than to consult qualified medical men.

So the quacks flourish.

In 1941 the Pharmacy and Medicines Act was passed with the avowed object of curbing medical quackery.

Even Bigger Profits

This measure met with considerable opposition at the time on the ground that it was inadequate to deal with the evils it aimed to eliminate.

The act certainly restricts the sale of some secret remedies and makes it illegal for any patent medicine to be sold without the disclosure of its ingredients on the label, but is not nearly as wide as it could have been.

Many "specialists" to-day are selling "cures" as freely as they ever did, while others are making even bigger profits than before!

Here are a few about whom I have received inquiries:

"Dr. Niblett's Vital Nerve Sedative" is one. It is advertised as "Effective in all nervous affections."

Supposedly famous as a cure for nerve shock, headache, neuritis, brainstorms, sleeplessness, brain fag and other nervous disorders, it is offered at 5s. 6d. post free from C. P. Niblett, Lichfield Terrace, Richmond, Surrey

"Dr. Niblett"

It is significant that, since public attention has been focused on "cures," "Dr. Niblett's" advertisements have been issued in greatly modified terms, for they used to run: "London Doctor's Amazing Discovery in the Treatment of Epilepsy . . . Fits . . . Permanent Recovery now Possible. . . "

The price then, as now, was 5s. 6d. a bottle, or 55s. a dozen.

Yet there is no "Dr. Niblett" in practice. As far as this wonderful cure is concerned, he exists only in name.

And is there anybody at the Richmond headquarters with the name of C. P. Niblett?

I find that the business is run there by a man named G. N. Whitney.

Then there is the supposedly-famous "specialist," Alfred Henry Brown, who sometimes uses the name of Jackson and mostly favours North Country towns.

Very Versatile

He still advertises his ability to treat Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Paralysis and Epilepsy.

The versatility of this individual is unlimited if we are to believe everything claimed for him in his printed matter.

If your nerves are wrong, eyes weak, stomach or kidneys causing anxiety, he says he can deal with you "expertly," despite the fact that his medical qualifications are absolutely nil.

Actually he is a notorious medical humbug.

There are scores of dubious quacks specialising in what they now term "Rheumatic treatments." Most of them, even if their claims have lately been modified, still make statements that are false or misleading.

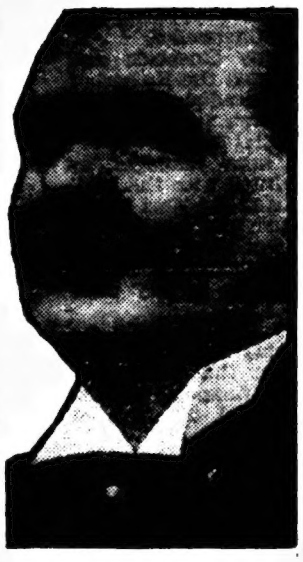
So much so that a few months ago the Proprietary Association, which seeks to control genuine announcements about patent medicines, definitely asserted that claims for the permanent cure of chronic or persistent rheumatism cannot be sustained.

This association is a representative body of all reputable patent medicine manufacturers.

Under the guidance of a well-known medical practitioner, it tests all preparations and compares them with the claims made about them before advertising is permitted.

It has gone so far as to urge the rejection of all advertisements in which misleading statements, and words such as "cure," "banish," or "conquer," are made. But, despite this, many undesirable advertisements still appear in local newspapers.

One person I'd like to see out of business calls himself "D. Fisher, Neurologist." He has several meaningless but impressive-looking letters after his name and professes to treat rheumatic ailments.



Alfred Henry Brown, who sometimes uses the name of Jackson, is one of the biggest humbugs

He was recently operating in Bolton, Rochdale and Blackburn, where complaints are being made by sufferers who have been stupid enough to pay him fees as high as two guineas for a worthless "treatment."

Another self-styled genius is "Charles Stafford." of Chester Road, Northwood, Middlesex. For years he has been described as a "specialist in rheumatism and uric acid complaints."

"I honestly believe I can cure you," used to be his signature message to clients.

But he is merely another quack who has lately modified his claims a little, but carries on with the same assurance and persistence as ever.

His fees vary. He sometimes starts off with a charge of five guineas for treatment—by post. If clients do not catch on at the first go, he reduces them to a pound or so.

A Durham reader recently answered one of his advertisements, and was offered a six weeks' treatment for £1 6s. He decided to ignore it, but letters from this rheumatic expert were so persistent that he finally agreed to send 4s. 4d. for a week's trial!

Actually, "Mr. Charles Stafford" exists only in name. The offers are really made by a small limited liability company called the Charles Stafford Proprietary, Limited, the directors of which are two relatives named A. and G. Halse.

Then there are numerous gland treatments, offered through the medium of advertisements which have been modified in recent times, and which still prey upon the susceptibilities of foolish people.

Leading medical specialists are seriously opposed to any gland treatment being given unless administered under skilled medical supervision and following proper medical diagnosis.

That such "treatment" should be prescribed by post is decidedly wrong.

And similar advertisements regularly appear offering cures for catarrh, high blood pressure, asthma, head noises, deafness, varicose veins, eczema, psoriasis, ulcer—and many other ailments which should only be treated by qualified doctors.

Some of the quack remedies for which so much is claimed by postal practitioners of the type I have dealt with here have, upon analysis, proved to possess little medicinal value.

The only safe remedy for your own protection is never to reply to advertisements offering treatment which is based on what is known as self-diagnosis—that is asking you to fill up a form describing your ailment with the idea that some alleged treatment can be given you by post.

If the recommendations of the Advertising Association were carried out by all publishers this evil would be scotched.

Medical experts think that the Pharmacy and Medicines Act should be extended to make it illegal for any "treatment" or medicinal commodity to be sold unless it has been passed by a committee of official scrutineers.

Only Safeguard

As readers know, if any medicine is advertised in JOHN BULL it is backed by an independent analysis which is insisted upon before the advertisement is accepted.

If any reader is doubtful about any medicine advertised anywhere our Advertisement Manager at 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, will be only too pleased to advise if a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed.

Of course, there will be no real safeguard for the public until much more drastic official action is taken to stop the exploitation of sufferers, so many of whom are willing to clutch at any offer that seems to hold out new hope for them.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A lady living in Hertfordshire, who for reasons I appreciate wishes to remain anonymous, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for interesting information.

Letters are welcomed about any ramp or scandal needing inquiry or comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

ARE THE TRADE UNIONS TYRANTS?

● "How can trade unions believe in freedom," I am asked, "if they compel workers to join them?"

You might as well ask how the United Nations can believe in freedom if they compel their citizens to fight, and to make arms, so that their freedom shall be ensured.

I belong to the National Union of Journalists. So do all my colleagues. We work in what is called a "closed shop."

Why should we work with blacklegs, who, while taking advantage of what our union has done for them, refuse to join it?

Only by combination, which has to be forced on the stupid few, can the enfranchisement of the workers ever be remedied. When will they all learn that?

WHY DOES THE SUNDAY QUIBBLE GO ON?

It began with the row over the opening of the museums on Sunday. Then we had, in turn, the rows over Sunday concerts, Sunday games, the sale of drink, cinemas, and then plays on the B.B.C. Now it's the theatres.

The row will go on until it is clearly understood that the Sabbath of Moses was ignored by Jesus and that the Sunday of the Christians, which was instituted as a feast-day in honour of the Resurrection, has nothing to do with it.

But for the organised opposition of a few self-righteous folk, we should now have a Sunday on which all could both worship and take recreation as they please.

IS REAL SEX EQUALITY POSSIBLE?

● "I find it very difficult to justify a differentiation between the sexes," says Sir William Beveridge.

He is not the only one.

You cannot have a New World until there is a complete equality enjoyed by all races, "colour," creeds and classes, and by both sexes.

Besides, until a woman draws a man's pay when she does a man's job she will undersell him, and therefore drive him, more and more, out of employment.

This, indeed, is the only way out of the chaos which must be part of a post-war world in which there will be found millions of jobs filled by women, jobs needed by the returning soldiers.

WHAT DID MR. JUSTICE HUMPHREYS MEAN?

● Because a petition set by an 18B internee was intercepted, apparently, in the Home Office, Mr. Justice Humphreys declared that if he came across a case in which "any person, however high his position or how great his fame," interfered with the right of any one of His Majesty's subjects, he could imprison him for contempt of court.

This, mind you, included the Home Secretary himself!

There were, in the early days of internment, many acts of injustice. Most were soon put right by Herbert Morrison.

Even to-day, however, there are fears that the Home Office is the most bureaucratic of all the Ministries. Whether they are justified or not, the judge's warnings will remind all Whitehall that the public have certain rights with which no Civil Servant can interfere.

The former Lord Chief Justice gave one grave warning to bureaucracy. Sir Travers Humphreys has been even more severe.

SHE COULDN'T SEE THE "JOKE"

A SLICE OF LIFE By WALDO KELLAR

A MAN—do you follow me?—a man, sir, is nothing without a sense of humour. Or a woman either. Show me a man that can see a joke. A joke, sir, a joke meant in fun. Do you follow me?

A joke is something meant in fun, by way of a jest. And few women, if any, have the intelligence to see a joke and laugh at a joke; to laugh at a joke, sir, in the spirit in which a man makes the joke.

Do you follow me? Do I make myself clear?

Women, sir, are incapable of *playing* a good joke.

I didn't tell you, I think, of the joke that young lady tried to play on me the other day in the train, when I was coming back from town.

I got the three-nine, sir—do you follow me?—and I was all alone in the compartment with a young lady.

A nice young lady with peculiar hair. It was black, and it hung down, sir, like a Red Indian's hair. She was the sort of young lady you could take anywhere; a lady, sir, in nice clothes, with a fur.

She was sitting there——

Yes, sir, I said the day before yesterday. When I was in town, sir. Yes, Wednesday, of course.

I was sitting in my corner, sir, and I don't mind telling you that I took a look at this young lady. She is what I summed up at once as the Nervous Type. Do you follow me?

Shaky, quivery, sir; a bundle of nerves. She was looking at the lunch edition of the evening paper, but she seemed to have done with it—do you follow me?—so I asked her, civilly, of course, if she'd mind my having a look at it.

She gave me the paper without a word. I had a copy, sir, in my pocket; but I didn't want to pass by the chance to make a little conversation with this young lady, and perhaps have a laugh or two.

I said: "It's a bad spell of weather we're having," and she said: "Yes." Just that. Then I said: "The situation

looks grave in the East," and she said "Yes" again.

I said nothing, but observed her, sir, observed her. Then I said: "I see they hanged Bentley this morning."

"Oh, yes," she says, "they hanged Bentley this morning. By the neck," she says.

"Until he was dead," I says.

"Dead, dead, dead," she says. "There was quite a crowd outside the prison."

"Was there, now?" I says. "Were you there?"

"I was there later," she says. "I heard there was quite a crowd."

"WELL, now," I says. "Fancy that. Can you imagine men and women queueing up to see a man hanged? Not even to see," I says, "but just to be near by."

"Don't," she says.

I says: "I see you're a sensitive type, miss; a bundle of nerves."

"I knew him," she says. "I knew Bentley. They should never have hanged him."

"Why not?" I asks her.

"He was innocent," she says.

I see that she's having a bit of a game with me, do you follow me? I says: "Oh! And how do you know he was?"

"I knew him," she says.

"Oh, so you knew him," I says. "I dare say you're that Missing Witness everybody wanted to find?"

"That's right," she says. And I roars with laughter—do you follow me?—and then I goes serious, and I enters, sir, I enters into the spirit of it. "Miss X," I says.

"Yes," she says.

"Or should I say Miss Missing Witness?" I says; and she starts to laugh at that, sir, and goes on laughing for a long while. Then I says: "Of course, if he'd been innocent, you could have saved him?"

She says: "Yes, I could have saved him."

"But you couldn't turn up?" I says.

"I couldn't turn up."

"Otherwise engaged?"

"Nobody would ever believe," she says.

"Why, miss, believe what?" I asks her—just like that.

"That I lost my memory," she says. "Bentley was with me that night. He was with me. And I could prove it. But shortly afterwards, why. . . ."

She starts to cry. "Why," she says, "I don't know what happened. I only know that I found a newspaper saying that he was to be hanged this morning, and I went to the nearest police station. But you don't believe me?"

"Oh," I says, very serious. "I do believe you. But what happened then?"

"They didn't believe me," she says. "They laughed at me. And then I remembered my uncle. My uncle," she says, "would be certain to help me; and he, being an influential man, they'd be bound to take notice of him.

"So I went to find him. And he was in a nursing home, ill. So I came to London as fast as I could."

"To stop the execution, no doubt," I says.

"I had an idea that a Detective-Inspector at Scotland Yard, a man my father used to know, would help me. But he was in Scotland on another case, and nobody else would listen to me.

"They offered me tea. They were kind. But . . . Then I remembered one more thing. The landlady; she would remember my face!

"SO I got in a taxi and went to the old flat, and the landlady recognised me . . . and we rushed to Scotland Yard. . . . But it was too late, d'you see? They'd just hanged him. And they couldn't say they were all wrong. . . . So they told me to pull myself together; and they gave me tea. . . .

"And somehow, I don't quite remember how, I got away . . and soon, quite soon, all my memory came rushing back, and I knew something else; something much more important. . . ."

"Oh," I says, "and what was that?"

She says: "He was everything and everybody in the world that I ever loved. And there was another thing I remembered, too. He couldn't have committed that murder. He couldn't have killed that girl. Because I killed that girl!

"I saw her there in our place . . . our own place, you see, and I went mad . . . and there was a pair of scissors, and I killed her. . .

"And then I went away . . . and as I went everything got foggy—and dark—and emptyish—and I didn't know any more. . . .

"Until I saw the paper. And now," and she burst into tears—do you follow me, sir?—into tears so real-looking they would have deceived a judge.

I stays serious as long as I can. Then it's got to come out, and I roars.

"You're the person that killed Charlotte Fingal?" I says.

"I am," she says. "God help me, I am!"

"Oh," I says. "Do you know who I am?"

"NO," she says. "Who are you?"

"Why," I says, "I am Smee, the hangman that hanged Bentley," I says.

And, believe me or believe me not, sir, she faints with a scream like a whistle.

I had to get out there. "Good day, Miss X!" I says, but she doesn't answer, so I gets out and the train goes on. Now there was a woman that could *give* a joke, but not *take* one.

The real cream of the joke was: I am, as you very well know, none other than Smee, and I did give Bentley the rope. But I bet you she wouldn't have believed me.

But laugh! I nearly choked. Let's have one—do you follow me?—one for the road.

We Produced the Fun

It is always easier to see the trees than the wood. The milestone at the end of the road is always plainer than the milestone in the next county. But the wood is there and so is the milestone in the next county.

If we find a diamond to-day we think we are the luckiest fellow on earth. If we get run over this afternoon we think we are the unluckiest fellow on earth. But other people have found diamonds, others have been run over. If we never think of them it is because they are out of sight, like the wood and the milestone in the next county.

★ ★ ★

This particular part of this particular century is a pretty sticky part. It is something to write home about. But it will do nobody good to stare at it so closely that we end up by becoming near-sighted—or even losing our sight altogether.

Of the many who think this war the biggest blot on history's page, I wonder how many would like to swap it for the plague of London.

Trees like that make up the wood, if we care to look for it. Milestones like that reach from the one at the end of the road right into the next county.

Things are a mess. But things always are.

And yet . . . mess notwithstanding, the British race grew into the premier comic race of history. Mess or no mess, plague or not, the British people were the people who *always saw the joke.*

The people of Shakespeare and his great comic characters. The people of Dickens and *his* great comic characters. The people who drew, as aces from their pack, Marie Lloyd, Harry Lauder, Chaplin, and the rest.

Other races produced their great composers and their great scientists and their great painters, greater, I think, than any of ours. But we produced the Cards, the Odd Lads, the Funny Turns.

Other nations (some of them, anyway) saw the point. But we always saw the joke. Britain, I should think, has turned out more laughs than any other nation since nations were.

I hope this isn't going to change.

I hear a disturbing note in the utterances of the Big People who make the speeches, in the leaders of the morning newspapers.

Listening, reading, looking, you seem to hear the Average Briton saying, at last, "We've got to take things seriously."

Yes, well. So long as we don't cut out the Funny Stuff and thereby cease to be what we have been, above all others, for a thousand years.

★ ★ ★

It may be good to be 100 per cent. efficient and take things really seriously. It may be. The Germans are like that.

The Germans are the race that *never* saw the joke. And look where it's got them!

You can be many worse things than a Comic Turn. As individual or as nation.

A. G.

HUMAN MACHINE

THE BETTER WAY

The making—and breaking—of New Year Resolutions is, happily perhaps, more or less a thing of the past. Most of us know by now that such things are easy to make and equally easy to break.

Most of us know, too, that things worth while are never achieved by such simple means as that.

It would be better to do what all good businesses do—have a regular accounting and a regular stocktaking.

We should then rely on no idealistic "resolution" but on our good sense to remedy what was wrong.

Well, what do we do? We shall want to know, first, where we are going—and if we are really getting on along the road. If not, then we must either change the road or the method of travel.

Are we really moving forward, or only going round in meaningless circles? Are we reasonably happy?

If not, why not? What to do to become so?

There will be countless other questions that each will want to ask—and perhaps answer.

To do this honestly is to do a better thing than even to make one resolution that we haven't the least intention of keeping!

★ *If you are in doubt write to Humanist at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

"IF it wasn't for the war, this war would suit me down to the ground," wrote a well-known lady novelist recently. She enjoys wearing old clothes, welcomes the chance to do without cosmetics, hates travelling (especially abroad), likes going to bed early, and, thanks to Lord Woolton, her health is excellent!

The war diet is certainly proving good for a great many people. Here are some letters about food:

"I believe in trying everything once," *writes a man,* **"and I have just eaten my first piece of horse. Except for a little toughness, I found nothing to dislike about it. The need for boosting this dish was never more necessary.**

"We must look beyond the bullock, the sheep and the pig that have fed us for ages, and follow the lead of the Greeks, the Belgians, the French and the Danes.

"The man who first made a sausage deserves the O.B.E., as do the men who invented lobster mayonnaise, anchovy toast, 'macon,' and the rissole.

"Now let someone inaugurate a new movement by giving a banquet of horseflesh for gourmands and gastrophiles!

"Let's ask for a portion of horse"

WHY ARE WE SO PREJUDICED ON HORSE-MEAT?

By HUMANIST

"Let us cast aside our national prejudices, and ask for a portion of horse and two veg. We shall enjoy it."

I suppose prejudice or custom is responsible for our refusal to eat the flesh of the horse. We have no objection to deer, hare, rabbit, kid, and dozens of birds whose eating habits are less attractive than those of the horse.

We eat fish without worrying about what they have fed on before they were caught. The horse is a more dainty eater than the pig.

But ancient custom is difficult to overcome, and I have no doubt that many eaters of meat will decline to make the experiment without being able to say why.

Several letters have reached me lately about the problem of feeding dogs and cats in war time. Apparently these "earth-born companions" cannot be persuaded to abandon their usual diet, and often devour the rations intended for human beings, including meat and tinned salmon.

If men and women are content to make the sacrifices, one can only conclude that they love these animals better than themselves. But the problem is one which faces thousands of families, and if I get any good "tips" I shall be glad to hand them on.

HERE is a different type of food problem:

"My friend leaves her little boy with his grandmother," *says a reader,* **"and does he lead her a dance! When he comes in for dinner he will only eat it if it is something he likes.**

"There must be a certain sort of vegetable and a certain sort of pudding for his lordship. Otherwise he goes on hunger-strike.

"He will leave food untouched and return to school empty. Then, worried to death, the grandmother will go round to the school with cake or something else he likes.

"His mother does not see eye-to-eye with the granny, and says she ought to cook what she knows he likes. He is thoroughly spoilt. Can you advise what ought to be done about the problem?"

A couple of generations ago a child was forced to eat what was given him, and in my opinion this was wrong. Most children have some particular dislike—fat meat, for example—and it is horrible to be compelled to swallow it.

Adults can always politely decline what they do not fancy. Why shouldn't a child be able to do the same? But it was a mistake of that grandmother to go running to school with cakes. It would have been better to let the boy miss a meal.

Forcing and punishing a child in the circumstances is bad, but so is coaxing and pampering. There is a difference between a child's needs and his wants. He needs food, but he wants a chocolate biscuit. It is the need which is fundamental.

The worst way to deal with a troublesome child is to change methods—being severe one day and coaxing the next. He can't make any head or tail of things.

It is bad to be too strict, and bad to be too lax; but mixing the two methods is fatal. That is what the "granny" was doing. She has put herself into his power, and, of course, he is leading her a dance.

When a mother finds one child a problem, and three drive her nearly crazy, she might think of the infants' teacher who controls forty or more without punishment. It might be worth her while to ask for a few tips.

Whichever method she favours she will stick to it consistently, and the children "know where they are" with her.

ONE other food problem—a very short one.

"Have you noticed," *writes an elderly woman,* **"how the young and attractive housewives try to 'vamp' the butcher in order to get the best joints?**

Before the war, they never went near the place, but nowadays they are incredibly sweet and charming to him, and, being a man, he likes it. We older folk don't get a look in! Don't you think something should be done about it?"

The butcher, being a man, may like pretty customers best, but he sees through the game well enough. The enchantress is entitled to her 1s. 2d. worth of meat, and if she gets more there is a legal remedy. The matter should be reported to the local Food Office.

HOW WAR HAS CHANGED US—No. 3

Bombs Blaze New Religious Path

THESE are heartbreaking days for the Churches.

A thousand places of worship—many of them historically and architecturally irreplaceable—have been blasted to rubble.

Some 3,500 have been badly damaged.

One church in eight in London has been rendered unusable.

And in some places the figure is considerably higher.

That doesn't represent the full total of the churches' *material* losses.

Rebuilding of shattered administrative buildings, colleges, mission halls and other church properties is going to cost many millions.

State compensation is bound to fall far short of the total rebuilding cost.

It will, indeed, take the Churches many generations to find the money.

But the Churches are more worried about their spiritual than their material losses.

Our Father's Faith

They believe—and I am not saying that I agree with them—that the war has accelerated the decay of that faith by which our fathers lived and died.

They point to congregations that still dwindle. To intense revivalist campaigns that fail to yield anything but short-lived successes.

They jolt you with statements like that made recently by an Army chaplain.

"Only 5 per cent. of the soldiers I met," he said, "could recite the Lord's Prayer. And 85 per cent. have never been in a church."

Then the Japanese have overrun some of the most fruitful missionary fields, negativing the work of generations of blazing zealots sent there from Britain.

What of the millions they taught and tended?

Everything social and cultural in their lives hinges on their simple faith. Will that faith survive?

Then our links with sister Churches on the Continent have been broken.

Before the war, Anglican and Free Churches enabled the British and Foreign Bible Society to circulate a million Bibles in Western Europe every year.

But the Nazis have suppressed religious freedom. That co-operation is finished.

Even in neutral Spain, Franco has closed down the work—and confiscated the Bibles.

Deceptive Figures

What a gloomy picture it seems until you talk—as I have done extensively in the last week—to Christian leaders who are given to counting their blessings.

As they see it, there is certainly no decay of faith—whatever the church attendance figures may say.

Never before, they maintain, has the ordinary man had such a genuine and widespread passion for the common good.

There is an almost universal demand for a better deal for the old, the ill, the widowed and the fatherless, and such sweeping social reforms as those proposed by Sir William Beveridge.

And selfishness is not the motive behind it.

Fewer people go to church—but more people are functioning as Christians in demanding, as it was put by Dr. J. S. Whale, Moderator of the Free Church Federal Council, "a new order of society to replace the one which has been an unconscionable long time a-dying."

And they will rally to those Churches when they begin to take their share of responsibility for the political, social and economic system under which the people live.

The Churches are, indeed, beginning to take that responsibility.

There is hardly a Bishop or Free Church leader to-day who thinks it "wrong for the Churches to meddle in politics" — remembering that housing, bread, justice, reform are "politics."

And that, in the view of many to whom I have spoken, will bring in the people.

Then bombing, without a doubt, has done a lot to bring different Churches nearer together.

Congregations that have lost their place of worship and have turned *en masse* to Churches of another denomination have never done so in vain.

They have been lent a mission hall. Or the congregations have mixed.

In many places the Churches still help one another like that.

On top of that, the different Churches have decided to consult each other about rebuilding when the time comes. Overlapping will be avoided as far as possible. The first aim, always, will be to give people an opportunity of worshipping God.

There is less quarrelling within the Christian ranks.

Do you remember the old fights that raged round Disestablishment and Disendowment, bishops' salaries, reform of prayer-book, and much else?

Yearn to be Free

You hear little of them now.

The Church of England is no longer afraid of disestablishment. Many clergy, in fact, yearn to be free of the State.

Bishops for the most part don't want to sit in the Lords—would rather be free to sit in the Commons with their Nonconformist brethren.

They don't want those high incomes.

Once the various Churches were very afraid of being poor.

Now that the war has made them truly poor the old terrors have disappeared. They can see, indeed, that a poor Church can do much that a rich Church can't.

But what of the devastating blows that have been dealt to our Churches in their foreign fields of activity?

There are compensations—blessings well worth counting.

I mentioned how our various Churches provided Europe (indeed, the world) with Bibles through the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Germans having closed down the Bible distribution in France, *colporteurs* are carrying the book from door to door in defiance of the authorities.

We have managed to circulate 38,000 in Czecho-Slovakia in the first eight months of last year. Indeed, the Slovak Bible is about to be reprinted!

We still manage to circulate copies in Poland and, under greater difficulties, in Rumania.

In Finland

In Hungary, a Hungarian Bible Society has actually been formed to co-operate with us in this work.

The leader of our Bible distribution in Finland, Mr. Pimenoff, has been gravely handicapped by the intense anti-British feeling that still exists there.

We asked him whether he would rather cut adrift from the British

y MAURICE FAGENCE

cty and function independently. He sed. He wasn't afraid of unpopu- y.

working without outside assistance, has actually arranged for the re- ting of the Finnish, Swedish and r editions of the Scriptures—and has uaded the Finnish authorities to npt the Bible Society's property from law empowering the Finnish Govern- t to take over everything owned by enemy.

om Bulgaria we hear that our kers there can hardly get the bare ssities of life. From Latvia, Esthonia other countries there is just—silence.

Will Astonish Us

t we hear enough to know that the rches still live in oppressed Europe— they are waiting to seize our hand iendship, and they will accept it with rength of grip that will astonish us. e Churches may never be able to ir the material damage they have red as a result of this war.

t as to the spiritual damage, which hundred times more important, I e no doubts.

ey will work together to repair that the spirit both of the recent joint ifesto of religious belief issued by Anglican and Free Churches and r good fellowship in the blitzes. nd what so many people regard as a et of the old faith will prove to be wn.

e Churches may never be able to pair the material damage, but . . .

APER GOES TO WAR

January 28 the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Samuel Joseph, opened largest paper-saving exhibition of war at the Royal Exchange.

his unique show, which no one in don should miss, will remain open three weeks from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m., urdays and Sundays excepted.

will cover every aspect of the coun- great paper-saving effort, and visi- will be able to follow the life of r salvaged paper from the moment collection as waste until it is trans- ned into vital munitions of war.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

OUT on the West Coast of Africa the natives like a bit of ceremony, and here is the description of the crowning of a local Chief. C.S.M. H. Johnson, W.A.F., writes to his niece at Clavering Road, Swalwell, Newcastle-on-Tyne :

Last Saturday we had an impressive ceremony when "Nana" (which means "Grandfather of the People") was crowned as Paramount Chief over 40,000 people.

This is swift promotion for "Nana," who used to drive a battered lorry, wearing a tattered shirt, ragged trousers, and a crumpled top hat. Now he wears impressive robes and headgear, and ornaments of gold worth any amount of money.

His crowning ended an argument over the line of succession which has been going on for years. Even then the ceremony was held up for two hours by a rival who claimed that he was the rightful Chief.

The last argument having been settled, the procession began. It was headed by companies of the Chief's own tribal soldiers wearing red shirts and shorts and carrying old flint-locks and gunpowder. Each company carried a different banner with details of past victories in tribal warfare.

In every street the procession halted while the women waved monkey-skins to keep away evil spirits. Then followed ceremonial dancing and the appearance of visiting Chiefs gaily arrayed and supported by their followers.

After them came a chariot drawn by negroes in brightly coloured clothes, and in the chariot were two very old women. They were the Queen Mother and the Grandmother of the Chief, and both of them were dressed to kill.

Following the ceremony there were high jinks, plenty of music and dancing —and plenty of drinks. It was a great "Do."

SWEENEY TODD VISION

At a garrison H.Q. in the Middle East a haircut can become almost a major operation. Sgt. J. E. Vasey writes to his grandparents at Victoria Road, Driffield, East Yorks :

I have just had my hair cut by one of the natives, and it is a weird experience. You walk into a tent and are confronted by a massive chap with a swarthy and rather frightening countenance, who looks capable of anything.

Like Sweeney Todd, he might be muttering: "I'll polish him off." He does, but not quite so drastically.

He is dressed in a sort of white nightshirt—and nothing else. His methods when working on others are entertaining, but not so amusing when you are the victim.

First, he thrusts you on to a rickety box, then, having picked up his instruments, advances on you in a threatening manner.

Just when you have decided that he means to do you bodily harm and prepare to make a dash for it, his hand descends and grasps a handful of hair, which he snips with a blunt pair of scissors.

After this maltreatment you make up your mind to refuse a shampoo, but it makes no difference, you have to have a shampoo—and like it!

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

YOUNG GLOBE TROTTER

Although only fifteen, Cadet A. M. Walker, serving with the Mercantile Marine, has sailed submarine-infested seas and seen adventures in strange lands. Since this letter was received his parents at Norwood, Casterton, Kirkby Lonsdale, have been told that Cadet Walker has been landed safely as a survivor in the West Indies.

I have been to the U.S.A., South Africa, Irak, Iran and Portuguese East Africa, and believe me I have had plenty of excitement.

Talk about seeing the world! We have been through snow and baking sunshine.

I got my first taste of ship's biscuits when we were off the coast of ——. We had run out of ordinary grub, so for a week we had rations of ship's biscuits, corned beef and beans. Later we put into port for stores.

There we had a bit of excitement when a donkeyman greaser came aboard drunk and with a knife in each hand. He seemed to have a grievance.

It took an ordinary seaman, a sailor, the bos'n and me to tie him up. A police launch came alongside and took him away. He is now doing hard labour in a local jail.

I have bought a new uniform and a pair of shoes, so I shall be looking very smart.

Cadet Walker is enjoying it all, in spite of the dangers

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

TRIBUTE has been paid to many people in this war. There is one class to whom Servicemen and women are indebted. Thanks to them we are able to get home for a few hours to our loved ones. Hats off to the transport drivers!—"Airman," Oxon.

★ ★ ★

Pencils which I bought for my children were, to my surprise, marked "Made in Germany." One pencil had this marking partly scratched off. Also the pencils were about four times the pre-war price. —Mrs. O. L. S., Wisbech, Cambs.

★ ★ ★

Petrol is precious and fines heavy, yet Italian prisoners travel forty miles daily to work, by motor lorry, from Staffordshire into Worcestershire!—"Regular Reader," Staffs.

★ ★ ★

How many members of the House were also members of the Government that thought 2s. per week enough for an unemployed man's child, and if they will vote for the Beveridge Plan with its 8s. a week child allowance?—Mr. A. Race, Southey Crescent, Sheffield.

★ ★ ★

Hard-worked people who put in long hours have to do fire-watching or other duties for the State. Yet the police, whose work is easy, are exempt. Why?—"Watcher." Eccles, Lancs.

★ ★ ★

Passing an old ivy-clad church, I noticed a board at the gate which read: "Rest Centre—Come IN." Looking through the gate, I saw a large cemetery! —F. Roberts, Haymarket, Edinburgh.

THE WOMEN IN WHITE

After dreary weeks at sea, men arriving at distant ports get a warm reception from local people. A.C./D. G Pinnell, R.A.F., writes to his family at Ash Walk, Warminster, Wilts:

As the ship drew into dock, a woman dressed in white got out of a car and through a megaphone began singing in a voice which rang out clearly across the harbour, "Land of Hope and Glory" and "There Will Always be an England."

It was an unexpected thrill seeing this woman in white against a background of dark-skinned natives bidding us welcome with a song.

Once on shore we were shown what real hospitality means. These are a great-hearted people.

VERY TASTY

Here's a glimpse of another side of life at Malta—in a letter from Pte. F. Walley to friends at Gladstone Place, Hanley, Staffs:

Two of us went out to a small island and we returned with about fifteen pounds of goat meat. When we got back the boys greeted us and the meat with a loud cheer.

First we cooked the goat meat in petrol tins, and then served it with tomato soup, with grapes to follow as dessert. A proper feast it was, and the goat was "very tasty, very sweet."

Everyone was satisfied and now we are saving up to buy a whole goat when we next visit that island.

BUMP AHOY!

Driving a lorry in Madagascar is a bumpety business, according to Sgt. A. Lissett, who writes to his wife at Criterion Road, Reddish, Stockport :

The roads are full of pot-holes, with the result that you keep on bumping your head on the roof of the lorry.

Going through swamps is like being on a ship. We chug along on first gear and roll the lorry from side to side in order to make any progress at all. Meanwhile, the boys sing "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

We have been almost drowned in heavy rains, and there is plenty of other excitement—never a dull moment.

THE WAY WE'VE LIVED

LIFE must not make us bitter however hard its trail, however much we lose, and however much we fail. For it's all the things we conquer and rise above, and smile, that shape our Adult Soul, upon Life's sharp-grained file.

LIFE must not make us weary however long the strain, however much we forfeit where we had hoped to gain. And though the World's Bewilderments blur Hope's morning star, Heaven is always nearer when it seems most far.

LIFE must not make us weaken so that we let things slide; we must keep our spiritual standards and not become satisfied with Expedient's shoddy makeshifts and things which we know aren't right. The breath of Disappointment must not dim Faith's Celestial Light.

LIFE must not make us harder, nor more ready to accept, things which our hearts would once have from its threshold swiftly swept. For out of all Life's roughness, its cruelties and pain, the Soul must journey on to God and the Way we've Lived explain. J. M.

readiness at dawn...

04.30 hours—4.30 a.m. to us.
Dim light over the hangars,
heavy dew on the grass. Cold . . .
Gosh, it's cold !
Machines silhouetted against the
sky—dark figures moving round—
ground crew, testing every detail . . .
proud of their machines . . .
In the dispersal hut the Pilots—
very young, still sleepy—yawning,
not talking much.
'Phone bell rings—silence.
Message from Ops.
no not yet . . . more waiting . . .
Shorty closes his eyes again.
Tim goes on with his letter !
'Phone bell rings again—Silence.
Control speaks
OFF at last—rush for the door—
out through the mists—
each man to his Kite ;
taxi out into position. Leader waves.
Up they go—full throttle up into
the cold sparkling light—
up to look for the Hun
Readiness at dawn . . .
Readiness at dusk . . .
Readiness always . . .
TILL THE LAST
GLORIOUS DAY.

* * * *

We are these men's trusted comrades—our job is to fight with our work and our savings. We must stand to our savings every pay day as faithfully as they to their fighting duty. We must not slacken in our saving till Victory dawns. SAVE MORE.

Issued by the National Savings Committee

What do I do...

to keep within the coal allowance?

I tell myself that *this* is the real testing time in the Battle for Fuel and, even with frost and ice outside, I try to make do with smaller, fewer fires, and use coke instead of coal wherever possible.

I bank fires with "slack" and go easy with the poker.

Whenever I light a fire I try to share it with neighbours or friends to save *their* fires being lit.

I remember that no economy is too small to count.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

LAST LAUGH

A. G. (Glasgow).—"The war has now entered the offensive phase." See letter below.

Mrs. G. (Glasgow). — "My mother, who has been on holiday with us for two months, has de-decided to become a permanent lodger. My husband says his patience is exhausted." See letter above.

W. W. (Tottenham).—"I once caught a woman making eyes at my husband at a fair. She was a snake-charmer." That's no way to speak of your husband.

G. B. (Moorgate).—"City men still carry the rolled umbrella at a jaunty angle." Some are right up to date and adopt the Sten stance.

A. N. (Goole).—"Burglars cooked themselves an early breakfast of bacon and fried bread before leaving a London house." A set-back, certainly, but Lord Woolton will probably go on patiently plug-ging potatoes in the Press.

G. N. F. (Hove).—"Returning to Berlin from the Eastern Front, a German general met with a fatal accident." The general opinion is that it was on its way to meet *him*.

G. H. (London).—"Don't you think our judges are too old?" Well, many of them can give some of us years.

MATRON (Matlock).—"Is match-making a reserved occupation?" Not if there is a woman in it.

P. P. (London).—"Something fresh every day in this war, isn't there." But not eggs.

A. P. (Essex).—"As the postman dropped an income-tax form in the letter-box a representative of the water company called at the back door regarding an overdue account." The pincer movement.

W. P. (Tring).—"A pound of sausages auctioned at an Essex Red Cross sale fetched £10." Any-body would think they were sausages!

S. M. (Sheffield).—"The strong man of an American circus recently married the Indiarubber Girl in the same show." He left the church with his pneumatic pick on his arm.

G. L. (Orpington).—"Describ-ing Hitler at work at Eastern Front Headquarters a German writer says the Fuehrer dictates for long periods without regular meals." In fact, he is sometimes so busy that he can only snatch a hasty mouthful of carpet when his stenographer makes a mistake.

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICANS

"Say, Colonel! Think the General would mind takin' the parade again? Don't like the angle we got on it"

Side-Slips

THE EVENING NEWS :—"The Brighton and Hove entertainment managers are protesting against the 9 A.M. 'bus curfew."

EVENING CHRONICLE : —"After the GRUMBLING of the Anglo-French front had led to the cata-strophe of Dunkirk . . ."

NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE : —"The marriage took place to-day ——— and Sergeant N. B.——— was best NAPOLEON."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD :—"E. M. O———, OFFICER cleaner . . . was fined 10s. for wasting electricity."

TOWN TALK :—"General F——— intends to release some 1,300 poli-tical prisoners, including 3,000 women."

HUDDERSFIELD EXAMINER :—" . . . and sank three CHIPS carrying fuel to Rommel's forces. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● Active service throughout the last war, and from 1940 to 1942 in this war, is to the credit of Hugh McKinnon. In April last, on medical grounds, he was discharged from the Army, and with the exception of a few days, he has been too ill to work since. He has no pension.

Three of his children are still going to school, while his son and daughter of nine-teen and twenty, respectively, are the main support of the home. Rent, insurance, etc., call for a weekly expenditure of £1 9s. 5d.

His continuous illness has brought the family to poverty, and the most urgent problem for Mr. and Mrs. McKinnon is how to get warm clothing for the winter and watertight shoes for the whole family.

Kindhearted readers who can send a donation to assist this distressed family should earmark letters "Dundee," or for our General Fund, and post to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

All administration expenses of the Fund are borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

1st PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,357

S. Hartshorn, 133, Breach Rd, Langley, Heanor, Notts. for this "Bullet" :—

IN THE FORCES OR OUT, BE "FORCE" !

£20 : C. G. Widdows, 44, Nelson St., C.-on M., Manchester.
Mother And Dad—Showing Hesit-Concealing "Gross."

£10 : R. G. Malcolm, 3, Sunnybank Rd, Quinton, Birmingham.
All We've Got—Of Utility Furniture, "Force" !

£5 : R. M. Fleming, 177, Corporation St., Stoke.
The New Britain—Emerging, At Everyone's Urging.

£4 : Mrs. A. Brown, 19, Vansittart St., New Cross, S.E.14.
The Fuel Is—Our "Descent" Worrying Arms
£3 : T. Bobbett, 84, Rifford Rd., St. Leves, Evers
When They're Free—Tickets "Give Him Away" !

CASH & CAKES SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

£2 : E. Bosley, 61, Linden Grove, Woodsmoor, Stockport.
Radio's Wonderful, But—"Speaker" Hyst Eels "Hoarse."

30s. : S. H. Fowler, 33, Dedaine Rd., Mayfield
Mother And Dad—"Home-spun," But "No Texture."

30s. : Miss D. Jenkins, 284, Fulbridge Rd., Peterborough, Northants.
The New Britain—Fairy-tale ? Then For Terrible.

24s. : C. Herbert, 31, Oakley Rd., South Norwood, S.E.25.
Radio's Wonderful, But—Penetrating With "Brains" Them.

20s. : W. Athol, 226, Camden Road, N.7.
Tests Of Sulphur—About Tobacconist's "Box Matches" !

20s. : Mrs. A. Crosbie, 12, Headland Grove, Paignton, Devon.
Delay Is Dangerous, So—Sonny's "Hangers" Like Speed-boat !

A list of 35 Winners of Celebration Cakes can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

£100 WON OUTRIGHT

IN XWORD No. 306.

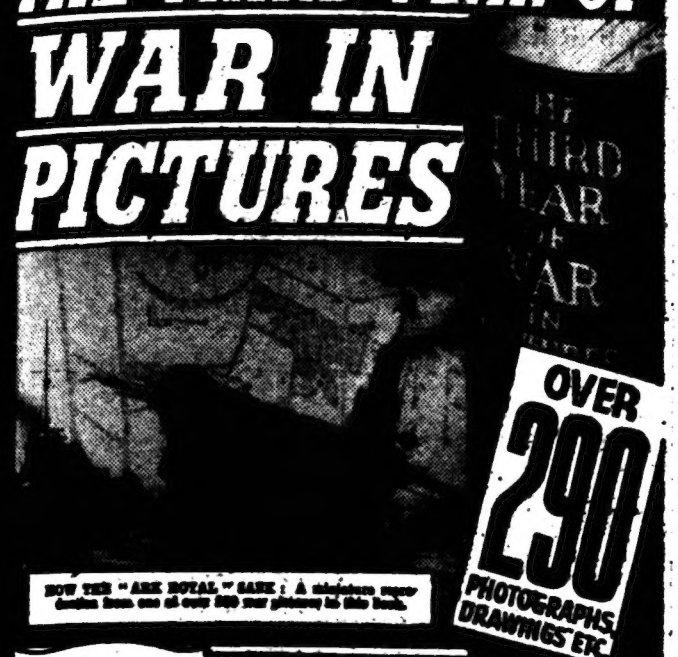
WINNING WORDS : 1. Pulsed. 2. Miss. 3. Lathe. 4. Mouth. 5. Bend. 6. Ferry. 7. Mitt. 8. Mouth. 9. Pups. 10. Party. 11. Powder. 12. Have. 13. Fish. 14. Passing.

Winner of £100 :—J. H. Carmichael, 20, King Edward Walk, Lambeth, S.E.1.

Runners-up Award, value £25, shared between 9 entrants. In addition, 4-lb. Celebration Cake post to each Runner-up.

JOHN BULL'S WARTIME BOOK SERVICE TO ITS READERS!

THE THIRD YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES



NOW THE "ARK ROYAL" SANK: A telephone report flashed from one of every 500 war pictures in this book.

REMEMBER!

Below are a few of the events covered in this work.

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A GRAPHIC RECORD OF TREMENDOUS EVENTS ON ALL WAR FRONTS

"THE THIRD YEAR OF WAR IN PICTURES"!—Front-line pictures snatched at the risk of death—forbidden photographs smuggled from enslaved countries—dark subjects of Nazi savagery—behind the Axis—secret pictures from inside Axis countries themselves! Over 290 pages, 8 graphic 60,000-word Narrative, and NEARLY THREE HUNDRED actual War Photographs, Drawings, etc.! That is "John Bull's" Great New Privilege Prize Offer to readers this week. Supplies are limited—all applications will be dealt with in rotation. You MUST post the Order-Label below, with your Remittance, at once!

The pages and pictures of this work unfold the dramatic panorama of the War from the tremendous events in Russia in the autumn of 1941 up to the close of the third year of war. LOOK on the left at just a few of the sensational subjects in this book!

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for giving me a new lease of life—B.M.C.

"I gave up hope of being a healthy woman again, but thanks to my brother who asked me to try Phosferine, *only last week*, I can truthfully say I feel like a new person, and have now a different outlook on life altogether. I have Phosferine to thank for giving me a new lease of life."

(*Sgd.*) B.M.C.

Phosferine will put a tired man or woman in quite a different frame of mind. It is a fine appetiser—a really great tonic. Ask your chemist for Phosferine to-day.

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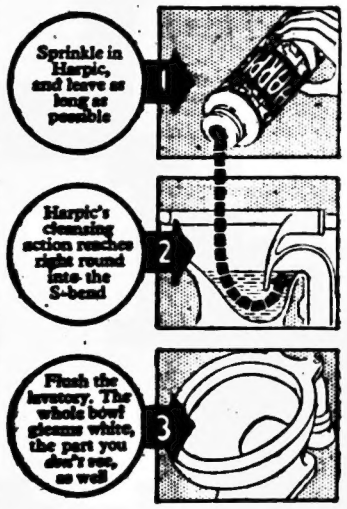
HARPIC cleans the lavatory easily


Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible
1
Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend
2
Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl gleams white, the part you don't see, as well
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2 QUIET IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWING INTENSE FIGHTING MAY WELL APPEAR THIS		U L L			
3 DOSE OF THIS IS APT TO CONGEAL MAN INSIDE	P	I S O N			
4 THIS MAY INDICATE PRESENCE OF MOISTURE	R O				
5 GOOD ONE MAY WELL ACCOUNT FOR GROWING		O O S T			
6 IT'S QUITE COMMON FOR THEM TO BECOME SLEEPY	P E	R S			
7 NOBODY KNOWS THE DEBT WHICH WESTERN CIVILISATION OWES TO —		O M A N			
8 SUPPORT IS OFTEN GIVEN THIS TO PREVENT GOODS FALLING	P I				
9 IS NOT AT ALL COMMON IN GARDEN	R U				
10 SOMETIMES ADOPTED FOR BUILDING		O N I C			
11 CARGO BOAT MAY SOMETIMES CARRY A NUMBER OF THESE	L I	E S			
12 STOUT BOOTS MAY BE ADVISABLE FOR		O B B Y			
13 IT'S BOUND TO AFFECT A MAN'S HEALTH IF HE'S CONSTANTLY ON	P	I			
14 YOUNG STUDENT IS OCCASIONALLY HELPED BY REGULAR INCOME FROM HIM	P A	E N T S			

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CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Awards First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, but in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Award Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Award in bk. not pound. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each fee paid. Two Bullets FREE with each fee paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated February 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES FIRST PRIZE £50 £200 BULLETS—WIN YOURS TODAY! 25 FREE 4lb CELEBRATION CAKES

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 28/- 24/- 22/- 20/- 1,000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Friday, Feb. 29.

OUT FOR VICTORY
BEFORE THE YEAR'S OUT
LIBERTY'S TORCH
LESSON FOR WHITEHALL
HARD ON THE PUBLIC
TO SAVE SHIPPING
RISING AGAIN
STORMY WEATHER
A SQUARE MEAL
DISTINGUISHED HIMSELF

PARTNERS IN CRIME
MUSTN'T BE FORGOTTEN
WASTE OF MAN-POWER
OUR BUSINESS
THE OLD FOLKS
AGAIN AND AGAIN
WITH AN ACHING HEART
MODEL HOUSEWIFE
WELL WORTH WHILE
TO BREAK THE MONOTONY

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" as usual.

CURE FOR .....
PEACE AND .....
PRIVATE .....
WHERE ..... WENT WRONG
WHEN ..... AWAKES
VICTIM OF .....

BULLETS 1,357 RESULT appears on page 14.

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated February 20.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,361 Monday, Feb. 8.

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,361—or Xword No. 313, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

VENO'S LIGHTNING COUGH CURE WILL STOP THAT COUGH

SOLD EVERYWHERE

1/4 & 3/3 per bottle (Incl. Pur. Tax)

FALSE TEETH and false economy

Artificial teeth can only effectively replace natural ones as long as they fit absolutely perfectly. To persist in wearing a loose denture which causes discomfort and embarrassment is false economy, because the trouble can so easily be put right. KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE, *for making false teeth fit firmly*, will hold it securely in position for many hours, ensuring comfort, confidence and proper mastication. Recommended by Dentists. Handy sprinkler tins 1/3d, large 'Economy' size 3/3, from all Chemists.

KOLYNOS DENTURE FIXATIVE

Also use KOLYNOS DENTURE POWDER for cleaning artificial teeth, 1/3d.

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

FAMEL CONQUERS COUGHS

Thanks to everybody's co-operation, the supply position is not too bad this season. Regular users who "can't get on without it" should consult their Chemist about arrangements for the Winter.

FAMEL BRAND SYRUP

Opsen Limited, Purbrook, Middlesex

THEY'RE CARELESS LISTENERS!

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Whether your favourite card game is deadly serious Bridge, or a more hearty hand of Solo . . . *don't* leave the radio on when you're playing.

If you do, you not only waste electricity — which we have all been asked by the Government to save — but you are definitely shortening the life of your valves.

Valves are scarce nowadays, and you may have the greatest difficulty in replacing them when they ultimately wear out. Therefore, take special care of the ones you've got. *When you're not listening — SWITCH OFF!*

Mullard Sets and Valves are tough . . . made to stand any amount of hard work. That is why many thousands of fortunate Mullardowners who have enjoyed countless hours of trouble-free true-tone listening will, when supplies are once more available again choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD
RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2.

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS and WRONGS

IT'S RIGHT TO:

Keep doors shut and windows padded against draughts which lower room temperatures.
Boil kettles on your sitting room fire to save gas or electricity.
Use a small gas or electric heater, instead of a coal fire, when a room is to be used only briefly.
Bank a fire well with slack to make the coal burn longer.
Sift cinders — and use what you save to light the fire next day.

IT'S WRONG TO:

Cook in one room, eat in another, sit in a third.
Have a gas or electric heater turned full on when less will do.
Wash your hands or clean your teeth under a running tap.
Use electric appliances between 8 a.m. and 1 p.m. because that is the peak period for the war factories.
Use the poker to make the fire blaze up; coal burns longer in large lumps.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

NO ECONOMY IS TOO SMALL TO COUNT

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

How Fynnon Salt eased his leg pains

"Nine weeks ago," writes a Boston old-age pensioner, "I had a severe attack of sciatica—my first. The first four weeks I could not put my foot to the ground. Reading in my daily paper of the good results someone had derived from Fynnon Salt, I decided to try a tin. After 8 days I could put my foot to the ground and with the aid of two sticks walk about a little. On the 14th day of treatment I needed only one stick, and have now discarded that, and moreover I am back at work (casual). I am a pensioner so you will know I am not a boy!"

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the blood-stream, flushes liver and kidneys and so eliminates the toxins which contribute to rheumatism and sciatica. Large tin 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax.*

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. Westfds, Stratford, Middlesex

RELIEF AND HEALING

From the pain and torment of septic skin complaints Dettol Ointment brings relief and healing.

It calms the irritation, it relieves the inflammation, and sinks deeply into the tissues to destroy those germs which by their poisons make healing both difficult and slow.

In the treatment of obstinate skin affections Dettol Ointment marks a new departure. It contains in active form the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', the modern antiseptic which has won the confidence and trust of doctors and surgeons everywhere.

Here, then is an ointment which fights for you. Besides calming and relieving the irritation, Dettol Ointment fights to destroy the germs of septic skin infection, and so gives vital help to the body cells in their natural effort to grow clean new healthy skin.

From all chemists, 1/5 includes tax

DETTOL OINTMENT
HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

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